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SPECIAL
CHRISTMAS
ISSUE

PLANNING
THE PERFECT
PARTY &
HOW
TO AVOID
CHRISTMAS

KNAVE

VOLUME 19 CHRISTMAS ISSUE

KNAVE
£1.50
SPECIAL CHRISTMAS ISSUE
PLANNING THE PERFECT PARTY & HOW TO AVOID CHRISTMAS

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Produced monthly by Galaxy Publications Ltd., P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ. Fiction: all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead. Typeset and **PRINTED IN ENGLAND**. Origination by Positive Colour Ltd., Essex. Distribution by SM Distribution Ltd., London. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of £1.50; and that it shall not be lent, re-sold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever. Editeur responable pour la Belgique: Mr. A. Schulting, 9 Rue de l'Inquisition, 1040 Bruxelles, Belgique. All contributions including colour transparencies and photographs submitted to the magazine are sent at the owner's risk and while every care is taken, neither Galaxy Publications Ltd., nor its agents accept liability for loss or damage. © Copyright Galaxy Publications Ltd., 1987.

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ISSN 0265-1289

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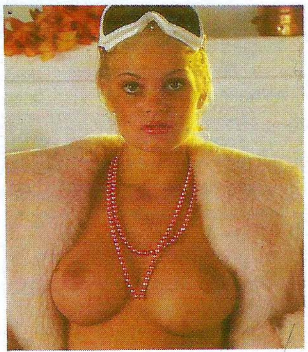

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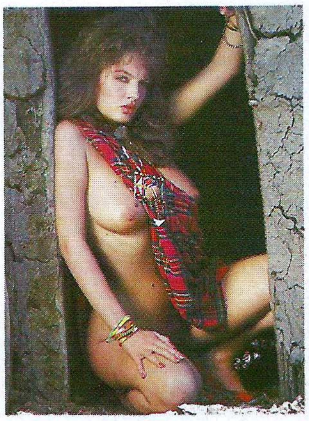

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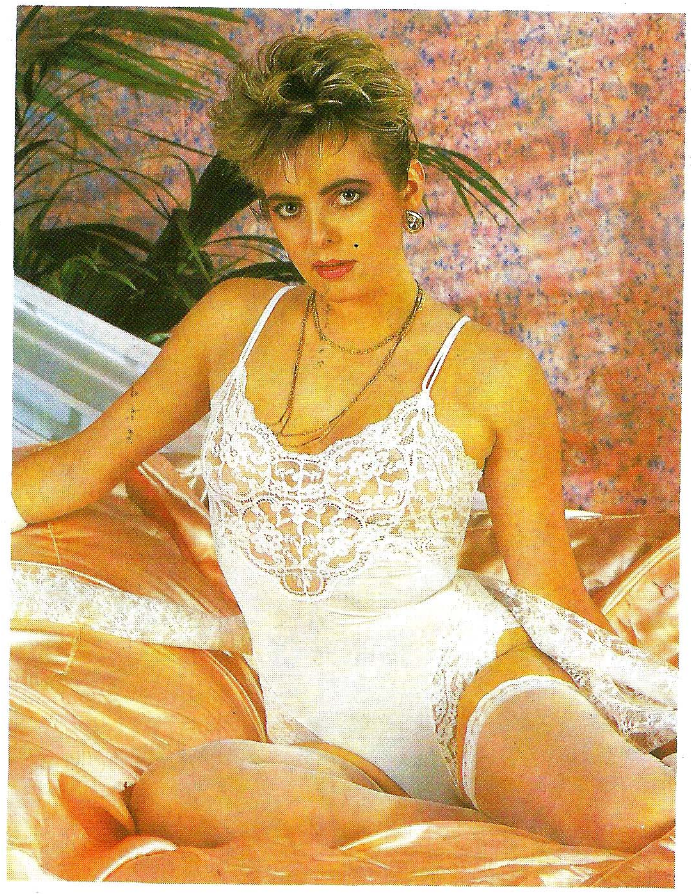
Girl CHAT

This is the bit where we take ourselves even less seriously than in the rest of the magazine. As well as looking at a sample of every girl in the issue (and using the 'caught off guard' shots where available) our man propping up the bar at the Grievous Bodily Arms, W.F. Guttersnipe, delves into the drivelling depths of the so-called 'girlie blurbs' and tells the sordid truth about the thirty-strong team of addle-brained hierophants who stand in for an infinite number of monkeys and write them. From the Senior Arch-blurb Director to the Boy On a Youth Training Scheme Who Fills In When the Assistant Vice-deputy Blurb Researcher Is Having An Acne Attack, from El Gutto the obese Editor to El Blotto his tosspot assistant – all are libelled in equal and fearless measure. Then we have the section where W.F.G. takes an irreverent look at the sillier stories sent to us from local newspapers around the country and the national press. Don't forget – you can earn yourself £20 by sending us a funny newspaper cutting which we can use in this column. (Send your crazy cuttings to W.F. Guttersnipe, Knave, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.) Read on . . . !



CHESTNUT STUFFING

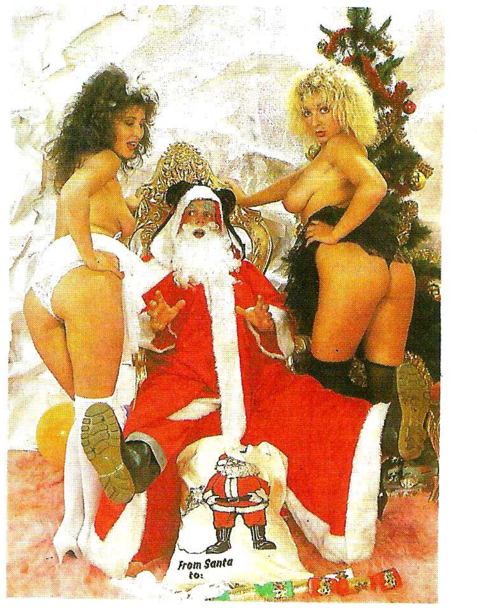
I knew it was too good to last. Finally we come to a blurb written by El Barfo, the Assistant Editor himself – and out comes the old chestnut; the Xmas Amateur Selma Lake (that's her on the peachy satin sheets) is a "stocking filler". Aargh! As seasonal jokes go, that one's a definite turkey. I have scoured the rest of the issue for references to a 'bit of a cracker', who readers would dearly 'love to pull at the office party'. I have sought, too, for him querying whether you'd prefer 'leg or breast'. I have hunted high and low for references to a 'spot of stuffing', but all in vain. Phew! Safe for another twelve months...when he'll just happen to come across a couple of models called Carol and Holly...

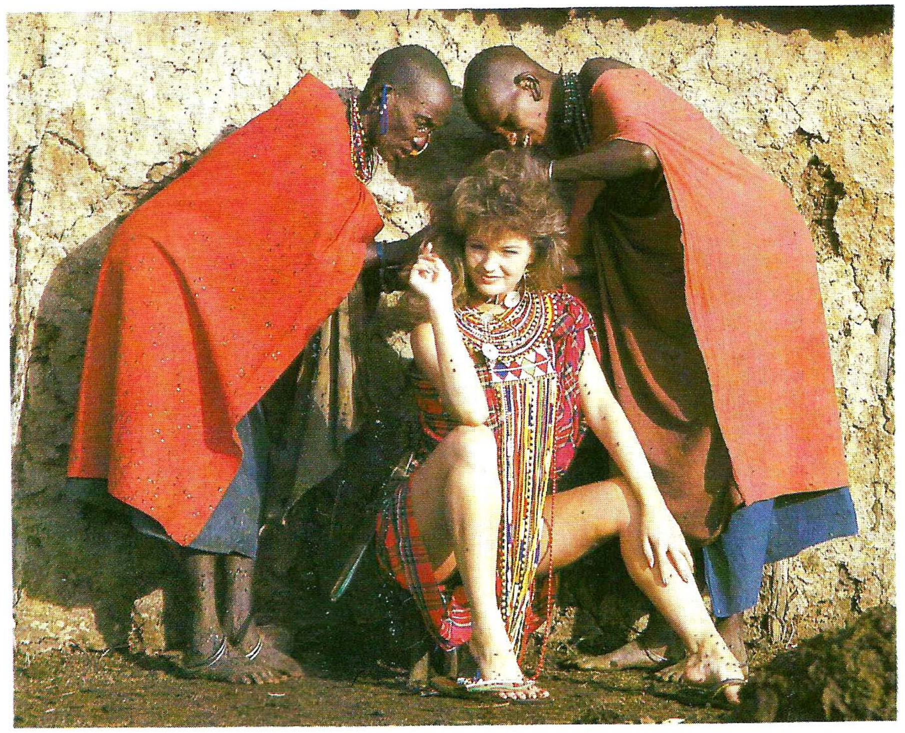
FUCKING MISTLETOE

I know regular readers have become bored with reading this every single December, but in all the years I have been working on men's magazines I have never got over the bizarre scheduling which requires me to write my Christmas copy on the hottest day of the year. MCC is busily playing the Rest of the World at Lord's, and they want me to witter on about snowmen and fucking mistletoe.

Oh well, let's start with the one obviously yuletide-ish set of the issue, namely the one with the Christmas tree lurking behind two beauties pointing their...um...selection boxes at the camera.

You will be pleased to know that it has slipped the cretinous blurb-writer's so-called mind to pretend that either of them (or any girl in the issue, come to that) is called Eve. The blonde is Robyn, the brunette is Katie and the third character, according to the Apprentice Blurb Composer and Toilet Cleaner, is a "tramp in wellies and red coat". Obviously he hasn't been here for long enough to recognize the *Knave* owner yet. Your P45 is in the post.





OUR MAN IN AFRICA

As has increasingly become the case, I am at a loss as to why two bald African characters are inspecting Jayne right here in the Christmas issue. Perhaps they have never seen hair before. Or perhaps they have never seen a wig, but what is she doing there at all?

My bet is that it's all some daft idea dreamt up by El Gutto the plum-duff-shaped Editor sometime last Boxing Day, when he was gargling down the last of the Chateau Soixante-neuf du Pape (excellent with fish) and semi-consciously whistling along to 'Do They Know It's Christmas'.

I can see it now – in a flash the office Scrooge's mean old heart softens, and he resolves to bring succour to the people of Ethiopia by sending Jayne and photographer Austin Legrew over to brighten up their lives. Possibly it is because he doesn't comprehend the idea that they aren't getting enough; possibly, considering his lifestyle he does not recognize the word 'starved' unless it is hyphenated after the word 'sex'. There's an outside chance, I suppose, that he spared them the mustard and crystallized ginger from his Christmas hamper. Next year: Knave's strip show for earthquake victims.

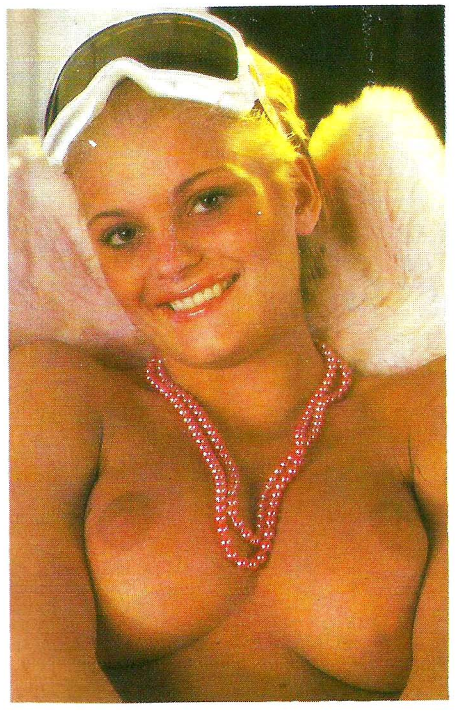
APRES SKI

Why a picture of a girl wearing green goggles? You may wonder. I think it is a fair question.

If you turn to the girl set itself – or so they assure me – you will discover that they are skiing goggles. You will know this because she is also modelling a ski-suit, and even some skis, I believe. Apparently the art team thought skiing would be a pretty Christmassy thing to illustrate. They managed to wake up Rupert the Red-nosed Editor for just long enough for him to say "Yesh, that'll do nishely", and got on with it, although later claimed to have approved photographs of a girl standing in a pot of yoghourt.

Our winter sportswoman is said to be called Scarlett, and had scarlet fever as a child. What will they call a girl who admits to having had pneumoconiosis, one wonders?

The ridiculous Senior Deputy Caption Writer tried his usual chat-up line and "by the time we'd finished introducing ourselves all the poor girl could do was sleep". Some nights he even has the same problem with his hand.



FASHION BASHING

A word of warning to readers who have booked their holidays in Yugoslavia for next year – beware of packing any overly-exotic costumes in your suitcase. Eagle-eyed natives are obviously on their toes when it comes to spotting funny looking customers, judging by a clipping culled from last July's newspapers.

Reports state that an official team of mosquito exterminators trundling up and down Yugoslavia's northern coast, dressed in protective uniforms and carrying mosquito 'cannon', were set upon by Rijeka villagers and given a bit of a biffing.

It appears that the locals were convinced the pest controllers were a group of armed terrorists on their way to attack a nearby coking plant and refinery.

I'm afraid you'll have to leave your Rambo costumes in the closet for yet another year....

ERECTION KIT

This year's award for the most tenuous festive link must surely be awarded to the girl blurb for Rilla. She's the one in the scraps of yellow towelling, and according to the Blurb Department anciliary given the job of justifying her attire, she's togged up that way because she has to exercise madly to stop herself joining the growing (literally) ranks of stretch-marked Knave gluttons who have bloated themselves on mince-pies, yule logs (usually of the chocolate variety, though we did find the Accounts office junior biting a tree the other day), after-dinner mints and Easter eggs. *(Some mistake? – Ed).*

She does all this 'going for the burn' nonsense – so it says here – because she must keep in shape to "erect an editor". I hope someone's bought her a Meccano set for Christmas.

SUBVERSIVE SHEEP

Spare a thought for the poor farmers who graze their sheep on the Mynydd Eppyant in Wales and who woke up one morning last July to discover that during the night more than 80 of their little bleaters had been wiped out by army mortar fire.

Weird and wonderful thoughts spin through the mind, do they not? Is this another way of simulating Falklands battle conditions without incurring the costs involved in shipping all of our mortar aimers half way across the world? Are we expecting a sneak 'red dawn' attack of Soviet spetznaz troops disguised as Cheviots or merinos? Red sky in the morning, shepherd's warning...

Wonder what was on the menu at the Brecon army HQ canteen that lunchtime?

Girl CHAT

SLIMLINE SNIPING

If British prisoners are not usually over-complimentary about the quality of food served in the nick, one wonders what sort of diet convicts have dished out to them in Louisiana.

I pose the thought on the basis of a report last summer of an inmate escaping from the Plaquemines Parish Gaol by squeezing through the food slot in is cell door.

The prisoner, who weighs only 8st 8lb, undressed, covered himself in cream, shaved his head and squirmed through the hole, which measured 14½ inches by 6½ in. He was later recaptured only five miles away, which seems a shame considering the effort he put in.

According to my calculations, if El Gutto — the sylph-like Knave Editor — were to be put on a 500 calories per day diet and locked up in the same prison (which sounds like a perfectly reasonable idea to me) he would escape around about May...1993.

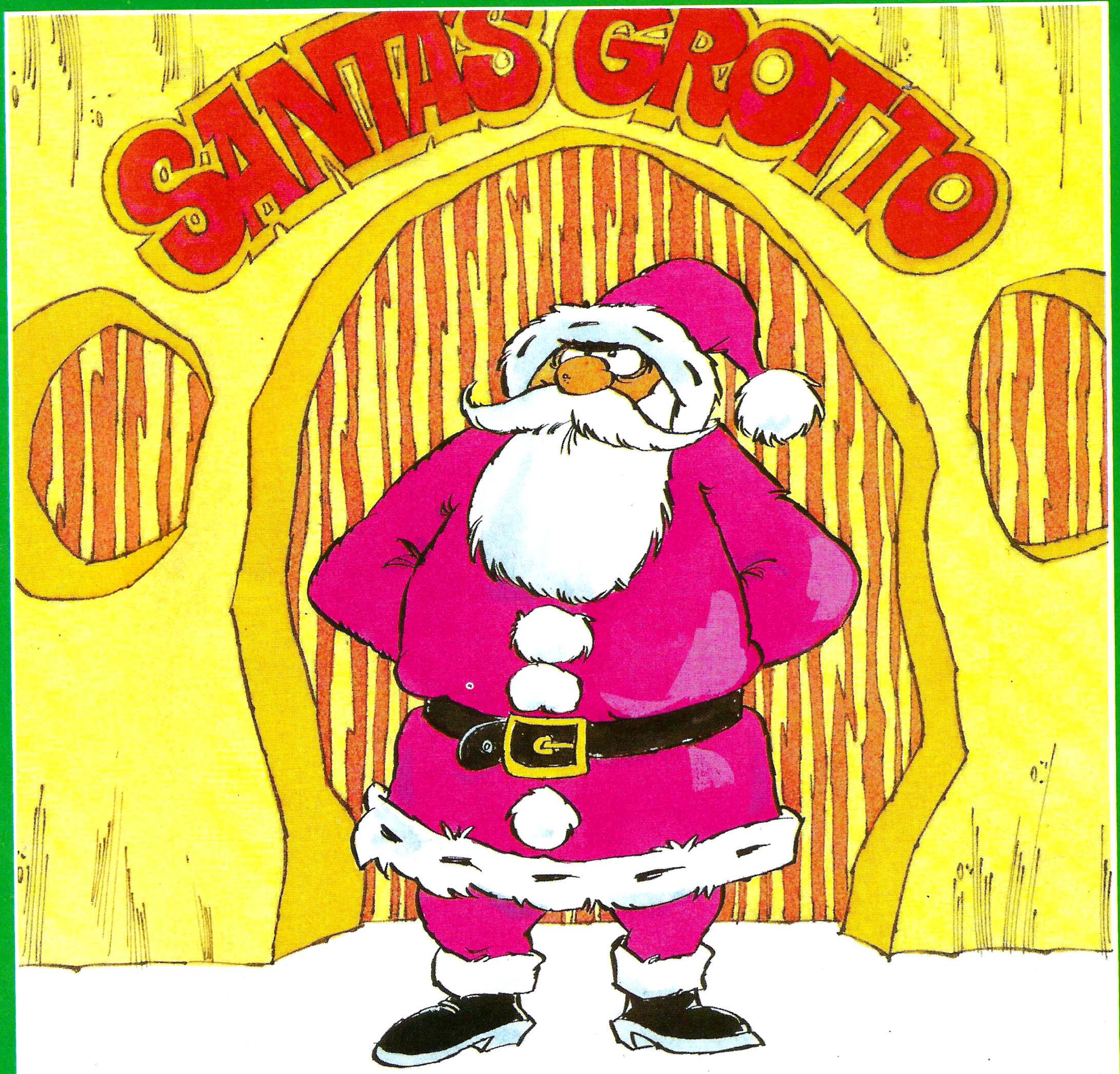
FESTIVE MINGE SINGE

Let's be honest — they just do it to make my life more difficult and to piss you off. Outside your homes it is probably cold, dark and pissing it down with sleet. Weary Knave columnists, depressed by missing out on the Pulitzer Prize for yet another year, are fighting their way through snowdrifts — pulled by teams of trained giant Colchester rats — to reach the comparative safety of the Grevious Bodily Arms and a pint or nine of Scrundies' Winter Willy Warmer (doubles as embrocation). And here is a picture of a girl (Ceara by name) sunning herself on the Aegean and wondering whether it's time to tear off that golden bikini and singe her minge.

How to relate this to Christmas? The art staff put on false antipodean accents and make out it will evoke the spirit of the season for Australian readers I have only one answer to that — XXXX.

CHRISTMAS BONUS

Bottoms up, as they say, is Jillie. You might think that the Under-secretary to the Blurb Manager would have tried to get off with a description of her 'on Arctic white sheets and wearing a snowflake pattern basque' as being, in a very oblique way, justification enough for her appearance here in the middle of winter. But no. He assures us that outside her bedroom — and, naturally, out of camera shot — it is "incredibly snowy and festive...you can't move for robins, holly berries, snowmen..." Believe that, and you'll believe the managing director gave everyone a Christmas bonus. Robins? In Witham? They just give a lick of scarlet paint to the vultures.



PONTIUS GRONK (1923-1986)

A founder member of the King Herod appreciation society, Pontius Gronk was a lifelong child-hater. There was nothing sexual about it — he just hated them. In the summer, he would spend many a happy hour kicking over sandcastles, half sawing through skateboards and loosening the wheels on roller skates. In the winter, he managed to wangle a job as a store Santa so that he could be paid for insulting them.

"Can I have a bike, Santa?"

"You're getting bugger all, so sod off!"

Like so many Knaves of history, he was to meet an ironic fate. During what was to be his last stint as Santa Claus, he managed to steal some sweets from two visiting children. Laughing hysterically, he pushed seven gobstoppers into his mouth at once and choked himself to death. He did, however, manage to write 'Little shits' on their foreheads just before he went.

KNAVEL HISTORY

(A SERIES OF KNAVES AND BOUNDERS THROUGHOUT THE YEARS)

CEARA

Here, in the searing heat of the Aegean, is Ceara – the first of our Christmas girls. As you can see, the Artistic Director and Set Visualizer have spared no expense (I still haven't been paid my expenses come to that) in cultivating a traditional (well that's what they claim) seasonal feel. By way of explanation, I ought to point out that they've been drinking a lot of Australian lager of late. And I'm afraid that they've been affecting absolutely appalling accents and making references of a less than reverential nature about pommie blurb writers. But, let it pass, it's the season of goodwill, and I'm sure no-one in their right minds is going to complain about sun-kissed Ceara.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NICK GURGUL

IN SEARCH OF THE PERFECT PARTY

Foil wrapped fun-time from LYNN PROCTER as she reveals the secret ingredients that go into planning a ball-breaking brilliant bash of a binge. And what better time to organize an orgy than the good old festive feast of Saturnalia? Grab your masks and take a moral holiday...

Do you ever wonder why you don't get invited to sexy parties? Or how come your parties are so boring that you'd leave and go home, if only you could?

What you need is Knave's naughty guide to perfect parties. Just pay attention and your Christmas party this year should go with a swing!

The main requirement of a sexy party is that your guests should drop their inhibitions, if not their knickers. So remember to use your common sense when handing out invitations and don't ask the vicar, the chairman of the local Parent Teachers Association or the bank manager unless you know that they're real ravers at heart. Likewise elderly relatives, in-laws and ex-girl and boyfriends have been known to cramp some people's style.

The best way to overcome people's fears of appearing on the front page of the Nudes Of The World, being faced with jokes about cucumbers every time they go into the greengrocers or simply not being able to hold their heads up in public ever again is to make your party into a masquerade.

Masquerades and Masked Balls have an illustrious history. They stemmed from the old English mummers plays — which themselves developed from pagan fertility ceremonies — became plays with songs and dancing, suffered at the hands of the Puritans and then crossed the channel. They became particularly fashionable in Eighteenth century Venice when ribald revellers got up to all sorts of adventures that they would never have been allowed to get away with without the protection of

PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY FERGUSON

IN SEARCH OF THE PERFECT PARTY

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their masks. There are stories of masked mistresses and their maids changing clothes and lovers for the evening, of couples having it off in the bushes without ever knowing the name of their new conquest and of everyone in general using the occasion to forget all society's usual rules of behaviour and simply doing what comes naturally.

"Leave a couple of packets of condoms on the bathroom shelf."

Today some of these traditions survive in Mardi Gras and carnivals such as those in Rio and the Caribbean where people can wear unbelievably sexy and revealing clothes and get up to the most lascivious exploits with anyone who takes their fancy without anyone holding it against them when the party's over. And that's the basic idea behind having your own masked party. You can get away with any sort of outrageous behaviour — get as pissed as a newt, challenge all comers to a strip-tease contest and dance naked on the tables — but it's all okay and life can return to normal afterwards because no-one knew who you were anyway.

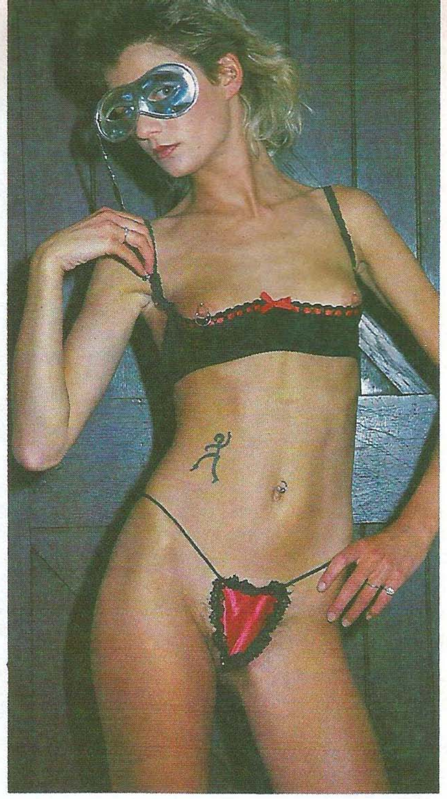
So how do you go about planning this perfect party? First of all decide what sort of party you really want, in particular how many people do you want to turn up? Having open house with a hundred or so people wandering around can be great fun but it can also cause big problems: There's never enough glasses, you probably won't know half the guests and might wish you didn't know the other half, the drink will probably run out five minutes after closing time, the toilet will be unusable because someone's passed out in there, the furniture will get covered in cigarette burns, your favourite records always disappear or get broken, the local Hell's Angels might decide to gatecrash, followed by the police and someone usually throws up behind the sofa and you never find it until the point of least resistance, the morning after the night before.

"People can wear unbelievably sexy and revealing clothes and get up to the most lascivious exploits with anyone who takes their fancy."

If this is the kind of night you enjoy then hire a disco, a room at a pub and a couple of bouncers and count the expenses off against what it would have cost to fasten the bathroom sink back on the wall, clean and deodorize the carpet and provide psychiatric treatment for the dog. But don't expect it to be a sexy occasion — anyone who's having sex at that sort of a party will more than likely be thankful that they were too drunk to remember who they ended up with.

For a more sexually stimulating time try and limit the numbers to under fifty of the most attractive, interesting and adventurous people you know — quality is more important than quantity — and make sure that you keep a good balance of the sexes, although a couple of extra girls is usually no bad idea. Don't invite so many people that there's nowhere to get comfortable and if possible leave one bedroom free for couples to sneak off there if they feel the urge.

Let everyone know what to expect by sending out invitations with people's names on — this discourages them from turning up with a house full — specifying that masks will be worn, dress will be exotic and outrageous and telling them whether or not they should bring a bottle. Cocktails can help the evening off to a good start but remember to make up lots of ice beforehand and restrict the choice to just one or two drinks (as many as you have shakers and measures for) otherwise you will find yourself spending all evening washing up. My personal favourite is Between The Sheets which is delicious enough to drink all evening if only it was possible to keep standing that long. Shake 2 measures of brandy, 1 measure of creme de cacao or Tia Maria, 3 drops of angostura bitters, 1 measure of cream and 1 level teaspoon of icing sugar or sugar syrup together with 4 or 5 ice cubes in a



IN SEARCH OF THE PERFECT PARTY

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cocktail shaker until a frost forms on the outside of the shaker. Strain it into a glass and drink with care — it packs a hell of a punch.

Once you have your guests assembled and gently mellowing with drinks in their hands it could be time for a little judicious mixing them together to see what happens. Party games can sound like something you might be forced into by boring relatives but if you let a few friends know exactly what sort of party games you have in mind that should be enough to get everyone interested. Dividing everyone into two teams and passing oranges down the line from chin to chin is a game which most people are familiar with and which can involve a lot of pleasant body to body contact. Make sure that your teams are lined up so that the sexes alternate and then start to make the game more interesting by having them pass a long balloon down the line between their thighs. If everyone finds this too easy let them have a go with a round balloon instead.

Another popular game involves threading an object such as a large key onto a very long piece of string and passing it down the line of each team underneath everyone's clothing — down the shirt and trousers and out the bottom of the trouser leg then up the next girl's skirt and out of the top of the dress. This becomes much more interesting if the person whose clothes it is being threaded through has to keep their hands on their head while the people on either side are allowed to use one hand each to do the threading. The first team to get their key all the way to the end of the line and then all the way back wins.

Most of the rest is pretty obvious: Have some good dancing music and some nice smoochy stuff for later. Leave a couple of packets of condoms on the bathroom shelf for those who came unprepared. Remember to get in a couple of pints of milk and extra coffee to bring your guests back to life early in the morning. Have the phone number of an all night taxi service to hand. And don't be so busy being the perfect host that you never get a chance to join in the fun yourself; the whole point of the exercise is that you have a good time — although if you get the reputation for giving unmissable parties you'll probably find that suddenly you're more popular than you could have dreamed possible.

[If you have problems getting hold of masks, try the Theatre Zoo Ltd., 21 Earlham Street, London WC2H 9LL, 01-836 3150. They have a wide selection from 95p upwards and will supply by post.

PENPOWER

The Italian Connection

My name is Carlo, I'm Italian, I work in Italian rest., my right job is chef. I'm 31 years old, but my fever hobby is Amateur Photographer. I hope you understand this letter because for me is first time. *(We understand okay. — Ed.)*

Why I write to you? Is simple. I like your magazine and your pretty model from Nottingham, Valerie Swift. *(That's Vol. 19 No. 2 if anyone wants to check up. — Ed.)* Can you make me appointment to see her? I wait your reply. — *Carlo, Skegness.*

Thanks for the letter, Carlo. I'm afraid we can't fix meetings between our readers and our models — each girl would find herself having to meet about three hundred thousand eager readers every month! But keep writing to us about your favourite girls — they like to see their fan mail in print! — Ed.

Hawaiian Fun

It all began in the hotel foyer. I was in Hawaii for a long lazy holiday and this morning I was people watching.

The air was heavy with the seductive perfumes of tropical flowers and I could feel the warm sensual waters caressing my body, as I bathed in the blue lagoon outside the hotel.

Then I saw him standing nonchalantly in the middle of the room. Tall, sunbleached, typical of the beach boys who hang around the pools and bars, looking for rich tourists. He had the same look of having seen it all before, but I knew that he had seen me.

I looked and liked what I saw. He had style, and his skimpy white shorts were so tight that they betrayed his kind of style. Suntan oil defined the body beautiful with its rippling muscles, and I felt aroused. Why else would I feel the warmth spreading from my neck? It certainly wasn't through sunbathing. My nipples stood proudly through my skimpy top and he looked, licking his lips in thoughtful anticipation.

"Hi, where are you from?" he asked. Heart thudding, I explained that I was a long way from home.

"Well, in that case I'll have to make you feel at home in my country, fancy a pina colada?" After two drinks I began to feel decidedly rubbery, like walking on a ripple mattress. Which come to think of it, that's where I was. *(Rapid change of scenery! – Ed.)*

"You're some woman," he murmured, rolling my nipples in his fingers. My head swam and his hot tongue probed my mouth in a very suggestive way. I gasped for air and clawed at his back, my legs were wide apart and I wanted to pull his huge cock into my engorged opening.

"Not yet," he said, pulling gently away, and he knelt over my face, his huge cock entering my mouth. I was sucking and biting furiously, while his cool tongue found my clitoris.

I groaned, this was ecstasy. His tongue probed round and around my cunt and my legs grasped his head as one orgasm followed another. I felt his juices slide down my throat and dribble out of my mouth. He was on me again, kissing my mouth, our love lotion making delicious slurping noises. "I love licking your fanny out, you're the only woman who has made me come up again so quickly," he said as he thrust his prick into my cunt. Our rhythmic jerkings were getting faster and faster as we reached orgasm together, and we lay happily ensconced in each other's arms for a long time afterwards.

Later that evening the sunset cast an orange glow over the tropical skies, and as we stepped on to the balcony overlooking the ocean, the warm breezes licked his hair. "You look well shagged," he said, nuzzling my neck, sending a shiver up my spine. "Race you down to the beach then?"

We both lay panting on the warm sand at the water's edge. He was spreadeagled on his back, while I eased myself backwards on top of him. I could feel his hot prick throbbing against my bare back and I eased his shorts slowly down his legs. He was pressing his cock into my back, quivering, urgently. I was enjoying the rhythmic pounding as the warm waters caressed my cunt, I began to move, letting the ocean wash over my clit. My toes began to tingle, my back arched, and I jerked quickly as I reached an orgasm.

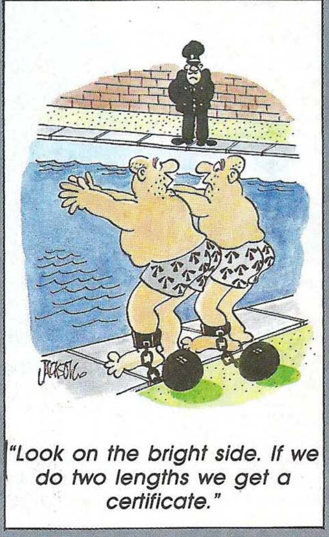
Turning over I placed his cock in my mouth and slid my tongue over his engorged helment. His hands grasped my tits and he began panting and groaning as I playfully bit and sucked at his horny weapon. "Go on, more," he said, fiercely grabbing my shoulders.

"Not yet," I said, savouring his juices, he was nearly there. Now I was in control, and his helplessness turned me on. I slid gently on to his throbbing cock and we began to rock together.

"I can feel you all the way, my God, you're a good fuck, I've never been fucked like this before." Our orgasms reached the same pitch – mind blowing. The warm ocean washed away our wetness *(Can oceans wash away wetness? – Ed.)* and our cries of delight were carried far into the balmy night.

Later, when we had returned to the hotel, he took my hand, kissing it gently. "In Hawaii, Aloha means goodbye, it also means hello. Someday you will come back to me." – *K.A. Plymouth.*

Is this worth £50? Not really, but the location's exotic . . . okay, you've won this month's big cheque. Yay!



"Look on the bright side. If we do two lengths we get a certificate."

Counter Service

The time that I am thinking of is quite a few years ago, when I had a small DIY retail business.

I ran the shop with the help of one young lady, Jane, who was very good with the customers, and as time was to show – with me.

Exactly how things started I

continued on page 23

Penpower is where we hand over some column inches to you. Share your sexy stories with us! Tell us what you like best (or least) about the magazine. We pay £50 for the best letter each month and £5 each for the rest. Don't worry, we won't print your real name and address! So drop us a line at PENPOWER, KNAVE, PO BOX 312, WITHAM, ESSEX CM8 3SZ. If you're really sophisticated leave your letter in our electronic mailbox - Telecom Gold 87:CQQ311.

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cannot recall, but start they did. We had a cheeky banter going for some time which developed to mildly sexy.

The first time that things took off as I recall was in a period of cold weather, when an additional electric heater was being used in the stock room at the back of the shop, where I also had a small office. Jane was warming her hands leaning over the heater as I moved past her, I just nudged her with my side to which she pushed back, well to cut it short it finished that I had a nice handful of tit, to which I found no resistance. Of course, I had no objections, and it was obvious that neither did Jane. The next thing was that a hand was rubbing over the flies of my trousers, by all the luck one could wish for it was just on lunch-time closing, so I suggested that perhaps it would be a good idea to close the shop and continue what had started.

I did not go home for lunch and I bought extra sandwiches. Jane only lived nearby but did not need to go home as her family usually ate out. Needless to say, the sandwiches were forgotten and it wasn't very long before her blouse was undone and a pair of very nice tits with lovely dark nipples were on view to me. The zip on my trousers was undone and the old chopper was out, much to my pleasure, she exclaimed what a size – I had always thought it was only average but it did the old ego a power of good. All too soon lunch-time had to finish, but not before giving her tits some attention and slipping a hand into her pants to play with a very furry pussy. During the days that followed plenty of play continued even during opening hours and I had virtually a continuous hard on.

At lunch-time Jane stayed at the shop where we now fucked regularly and that was the menu for most lunch-times.

Soon the weather improved and Jane began to wear rather sexy underwear. As soon as I arrived at the shop, I would pay a visit to the loo and take my pants off, if the old chopper had been a good size when we started off I am sure all the attention it was receiving had improved its size, but who was bothering to measure, no time for that. I then managed to persuade Jane to leave off her bra, it was easier to get a good hand full like that and to chew on her nipples.

As a part of running the business was to obtain stock, Jane had a very convenient excuse for accompanying me to the Cash and Carry Warehouse which was a fair journey away.

One particular journey I remember was when Jane had arrived at the shop in a button through dress the day that the trip was made. We set off for the Warehouse. When we had settled ourselves in the car and begun our journey, I could not resist a quick grope and stroke of her pussy which was in its usual uncluttered state of no pants. A hand had also wandered across from the passenger side of the car which gave me a hard on. As a major part of the journey was through country and unbuilt up areas, I began to undo the buttons of Jane's dress, but to no avail – she told me to wait a while.

Jane then set the seat back to semi-recline and snuggled down, then much to my pleasure she started to undo all the buttons of her dress which she pulled aside to reveal all her special attributes. Then she started to stroke herself and play with her clitoris which of course kept me on the bubble. After that display we went and bought the necessary stock.

On the return journey we stopped at a pub for a quick drink, resuming the journey we found a suitable spot for a stop to satisfy a need, the dress was undone at double quick time, and the old chopper out and trousers discarded whereupon I was treated to one of the best blow jobs of all time. I didn't manage to fuck her after that but gave her a finger job.

"Soon the weather improved and Jane began to wear rather sexy underwear. I then managed to persuade Jane to leave off her bra."

GENTS
LADIES
FOR SALE CONVENIENCE FOODS
HOWETT

On a Monday morning Jane reported for work and asked for a week's holiday which she was due for and said that relatives had phoned during the weekend and had asked if they could stay for a short while.

She had a favour to ask of me – could I redecorate her lounge before the visitors arrived in a few weeks time. Prior to taking the shop on I had worked as a decorator and painter. I agreed to her request and told her that we would have to organize a part-time help for the shop whilst I was carrying out the work at her house. Duly the arangements were made and I arrived at her house to start the work. On the kitchen table was a girlie mag so I had a quick flick through. Jane came into the kitchen in only a pair of bikini pants and took me by the hand and led me upstairs to the bedroom where she helped me get undressed and we were both on the bed where I got a delicious blow job before we finished off with a quickie, as she had to go to the shop. Of course more than the paper got put up in the lounge before the decorating was finished and after the lounge the hall and stairs needed doing, but that's another story.

I haven't seen Jane for a while now having sold the business and we have both moved house since then, but I know where she lives so perhaps fate will smile kindly once more, but I do have pleasant memories of the months that all the fun and games went on and I do feel sure that she does also.
– E.D., East Sussex.

Jobbing Gardener

I feel I must write to you about an episode of my life which happened a few days ago, at work. What I do for a job isn't what some people would call 'exciting' or 'well paid' as I am a self-employed gardener.

Anyway this particular job I had been doing, for the last couple of weeks, was beginning to get on my nerves as the couple I was working for were

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never entirely satisfied with the job – I had been rearranging their garden for them and putting in a new rockery and pond.

But this particular day was different somehow, as I knew I would finish. The husband had gone out to work as usual, but the wife had stayed behind to get some housework etc. done. Well, at about 10 a.m., when I had stopped for my teabreak, the lady came to ask me if I would mind helping her to move some things in the kitchen so that she could clean the floor, this I gladly did to get out of the van, and break the boredom of the rain falling on the roof.

"That afternoon we spent the rest of the day in bed fucking like rabbits, trying every conceivable position possible."

When we got into the kitchen, we started moving the cooker etc. about, and I accidentally felt her bum as we moved the fridge, and although my hand stayed there she made no attempt to move it away, so I started to rub it and feel it. After a couple of minutes, I made the remark: "I love the feel of your arse missus." *(You silver tongued little charmer, you. – Ed.).*

She replied: "My husband never feels my bum anymore, but then again, he never feels anything when he comes home from work."

And with this remark, I kissed her full on the lips – our tongues probed into each other's mouths, searching deeply, our hands started to rub and feel each other's bodies, passionately.

After about five minutes, we broke off and looked into each other's eyes, and then she went down on me and started to give one of the best blow jobs I have ever had, and when I came she swallowed the lot down her throat. Then, when all my spunk was spent, I laid her on the kitchen table and started to lick her cunt and tits, playing with her love button all the time. I brought her to her first orgasm, and with this she screamed so much I had to stifle it with my mouth in a kiss, as the neighbours would have heard, as I'm sure they did anyway.

That afternoon we spent the rest of the day in bed fucking like rabbits, trying every conceivable position possible, and she must have come at least five more times. I came twice more.

What's more I did finish the job that day and got paid over the odds, I still see the lady on the odd occasion when she stays at home to do the housework. And I have spent many a night away with her at a little hotel I know near home. But that's another story. – *Allen, Suffolk.*

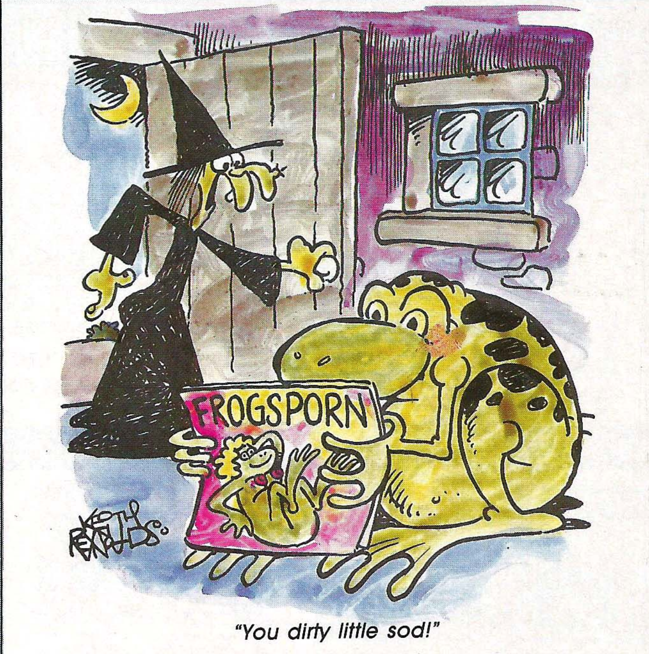
Trunk Call

I have been following the ovine adventures of your sheep strip and have found it generally informative. However, in the latest strip (Vol. 19 No. 8), you have a picture of a sheep and an elephant under the heading "U is for the unexpected" – I think that 'unexpected' is too mild a description of this probable breach of the Levitical law. Instead I would suggest 'unthinkable' at the very least, perhaps going as far as 'undoable'. – *J.M., Bristol.*

Hot Rods

You thought I was going to say how gorgeous your nude models are, well yes, that is true, but what I really wanted to say was, many congratulations on the road tests on cars, which you have been running in recent editions. As a car enthusiast I mean it. Motoring at this level is meant to be fun, most of the car mags, my god how many of them are there now, are either dull or misinformed. Motor Sport has tested the RX7 Mazda this month and the writer has buried himself in manure of his own making. You have covered the RX7 very well, you have even got the engine size under the 'new' maths, which I feel are false. The engine actually measures 2616cc by normal standards that's why it may appear a little under-powered and a little heavy on fuel. No matter, Knave got it right when the experts tripped up.

I think the RX7 is good looking and would love to try the rotary engine. Have you ever heard the Mazda engined cars at Le Mans? If you want a headache, that is the way to get one. I don't know how the drivers put up with it. I love the way you print, yellow print on sand; the reader really has to concentrate. Cunning chaps you people at Knave.



"You dirty little sod!"

Who is the blonde tart, sorry model, with the Lancia in Vol. 18 No. 12? Come on how about a layout of her without any clothes on? She has great legs, among other things.

And now for the moans. Can you please make the photo layouts glossy and make sure the printers keep to a high standard of printing. Please, please, please locate Mandy Moore from earlier Knaves. I am still in love with her.

I see the winners of your Amateur Model Competition are in demand. Polly Rogers has been outstanding, why have you not published the fact that you discovered her? She has been in everything, from how to do it Photography magazines, to major adverts, and TV in the USA, so I hear.

Two final things. Can you not bring back Porn Cocktail, once in a while? I love to know what is going on in that field. No one else seems to cover it at all over here.

That appears to be about all. If anything else comes to mind I suppose I will let you have an eye full.

Please keep the standard of printing up. As soon as the colour register is off it makes the pictures dreadful, all blurry and out of focus and yucky colours.

Congratulations on the RX7 Road Test once again. – *M.P., Herts.*

Impure Fantasy

I regularly buy your magazine and on reading letters from other readers, I had to tell you about an incident that happened to me one evening.

I had just finished work and decided to go straight home and have a quiet evening. I live on my own in a small flat. I was already tired from work, so

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finding the lift out of order and having to climb the stairs didn't make me any happier. I finally reached my front door, but I soon froze. My door was slightly open, I pushed it open and peered in expecting to see everything was just how I'd left it. I decided to carefully check each room. Nothing had been moved.

Then I checked the bathroom. I opened the door, it was the same but there was definitely a sweet aroma of perfume. I then went to the toilet. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the shower curtain twitch. I quickly put my prick away, zipped up my trousers and approached the curtain. I pulled it around and to my astonishment I saw the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. I asked what she was doing here and she replied 'Um . . . Mick sent me.' (Mick is a mate of mine.) I asked what for, the young woman smiled with an evil grin and replied: 'He thought we could have a good time.'

Her name was Janine. Mick had sent her as an early birthday present for me. I offered her my hand and she gracefully climbed out. She was wearing high heeled shoes, a very tight leather skirt and a see through blouse. Her nipples were easily seen though it. She looked in her mid 20s. She explained that she got worried waiting for me and when she heard me arrive, she hid in the shower. She wondered what I was going to do with her.

I led her into the bedroom and drew the curtains. I started to gently kiss her on the lips. I slid my hand down and caressed her beautifully shaped tits. She immediately reacted and started to unzip my trousers. She pulled down my trousers and my pants, to reveal my eight inch cock which was now fully erect, waiting for action.

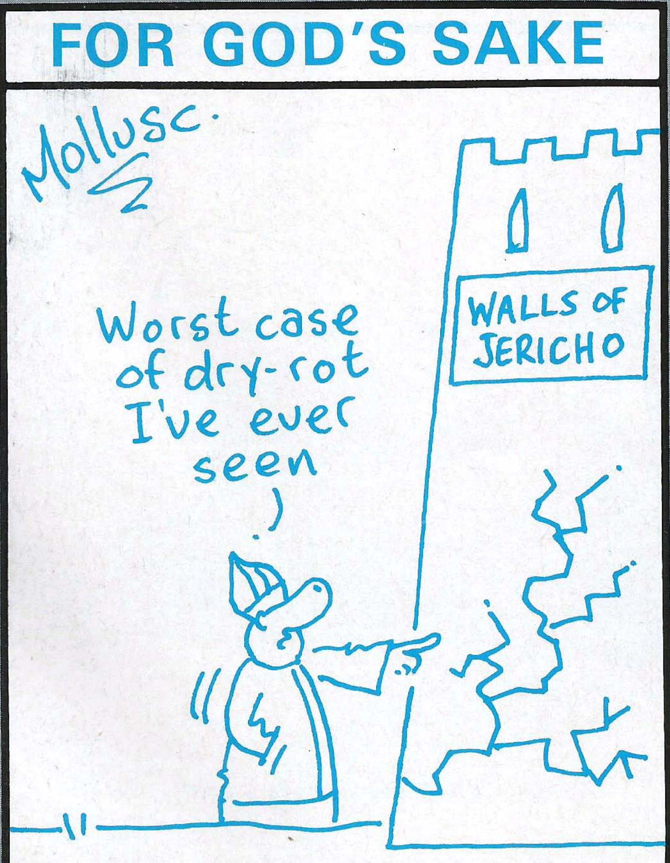
I pulled down her skirt, she was wearing a pair of white lace knickers that were sticking to her black moist mound. I ripped off my remaining clothes as she undid her blouse. Her tits sprung out – what a wonderful sight; and her nipples began to become erect. She started to chant. 'Fuck me, fuck me.' I didn't need telling twice as I threw her on the bed. I buried my head into her glistening pussy and I opened her legs to gain better access.

With my tongue I started to tease her clitoris. She shuddered, I opened my mouth wide and started to suck her whole vagina. She suddenly came but I carried on licking. She was now begging for my rampant member. I changed to the 69 position, she kissed my prick and then put it in her mouth. It was the best blow job I'd had in ages. Within minutes I was reaching an orgasm and I shot my load into the back of her throat. She swallowed the whole lot, I then turned around and sucked her nipples.

"Then I checked the bathroom. I opened the door, it was the same but there was definitely a sweet aroma of perfume. I then went to the toilet, the shower curtain twitched."

We kissed and I could taste my own spunk. I teased her with my prick as I let the foreskin touch her gentle pubes. She moaned in ecstasy. I slowly entered her inch by inch and her moans turned into screams of delight. I pushed my full length into her as I sucked off her tits.

We fucked again and again, she orgasmed and I could feel her juices once again. My orgasm was nearing just as I was about to come. She told me 'Do it over my body.' I obeyed and withdrew just in time and it shot all over her tits and stomach. We then cuddled each other until we were covered with love juices from head to toe.


FOR GOD'S SAKE
Mollusc.
Worst case of dry-rot I've ever seen
WALLS OF JERICHO

We returned to the shower. Climbing in, I turned on the warm jet. It seemed to revive our aching bodies. So we started all over again in the shower.

That was the best fuck of my life. She regularly visits me now and we float in ecstasy. Once, she brought her mate around, but that's another story. – *D.J., Newcastle.*

Banana Splits

Editor. I'm so chuffed to have found a back edition of Knave which has this lovely blonde working out on a Rowing Machine. June *(Vol. 18 No. 1 according to my computer banks. – Ed.)* is the name you put to her and that is right: flaming June sitting aside the rowing thing with one lovely barefoot on the other.

Please do another feature of her. I'd love to see her completely naked eating a super huge banana with another large banana between her toes. – *D.B., Norfolk.*

Say Cheese

I married Carol on her eighteenth birthday and for the first two years we were extremely happy together. Then she began to grow more moody and less interested in sex, which had always been fantastic between us. I couldn't understand her moods and began to suspect she was having an affair.

Then one night, in the middle of a heated confrontation, the truth emerged. She fancied Richard, a good friend of mine and a regular visitor to our home. Nothing had yet happened between them, but she confessed if he ever did make a pass she would find it extremely difficult to turn him down.

After I had recovered from the initial shock, I felt a great relief that she was not actually having an affair. I could then look at the situation more clear headedly and realize it should have been obvious.

Carol usually slipped into something more revealing than she would normally wear about the house, whenever Richard

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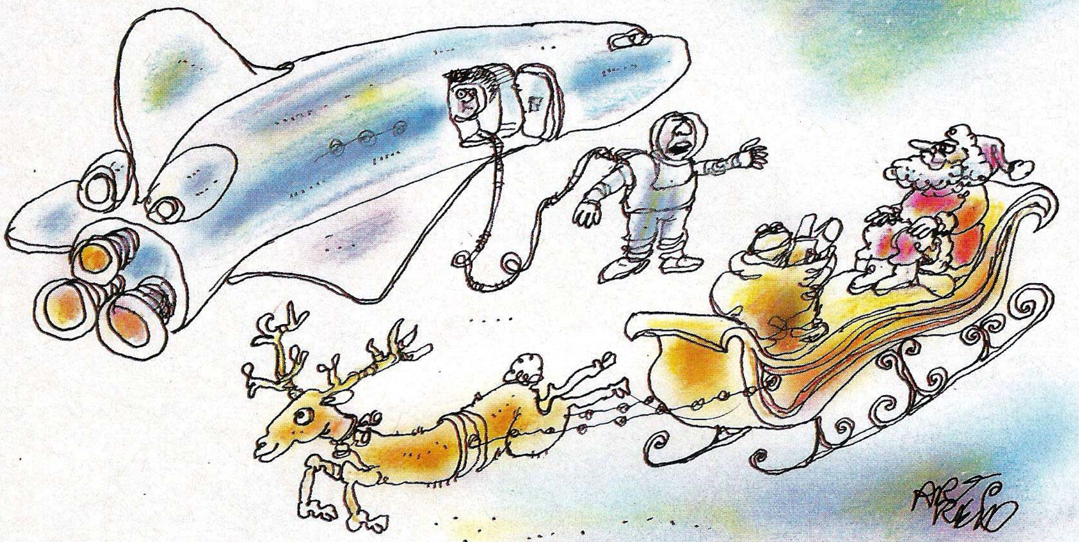
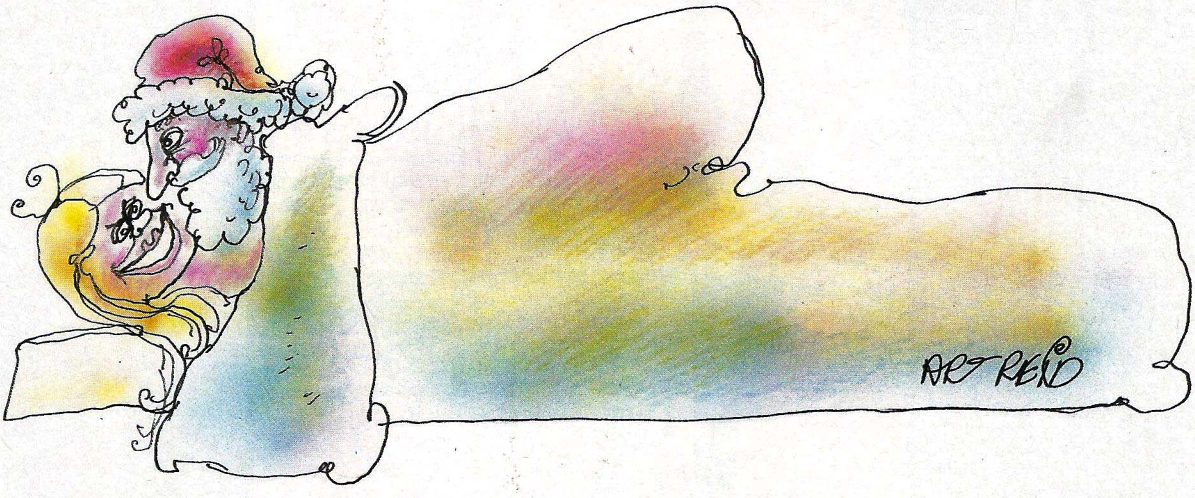


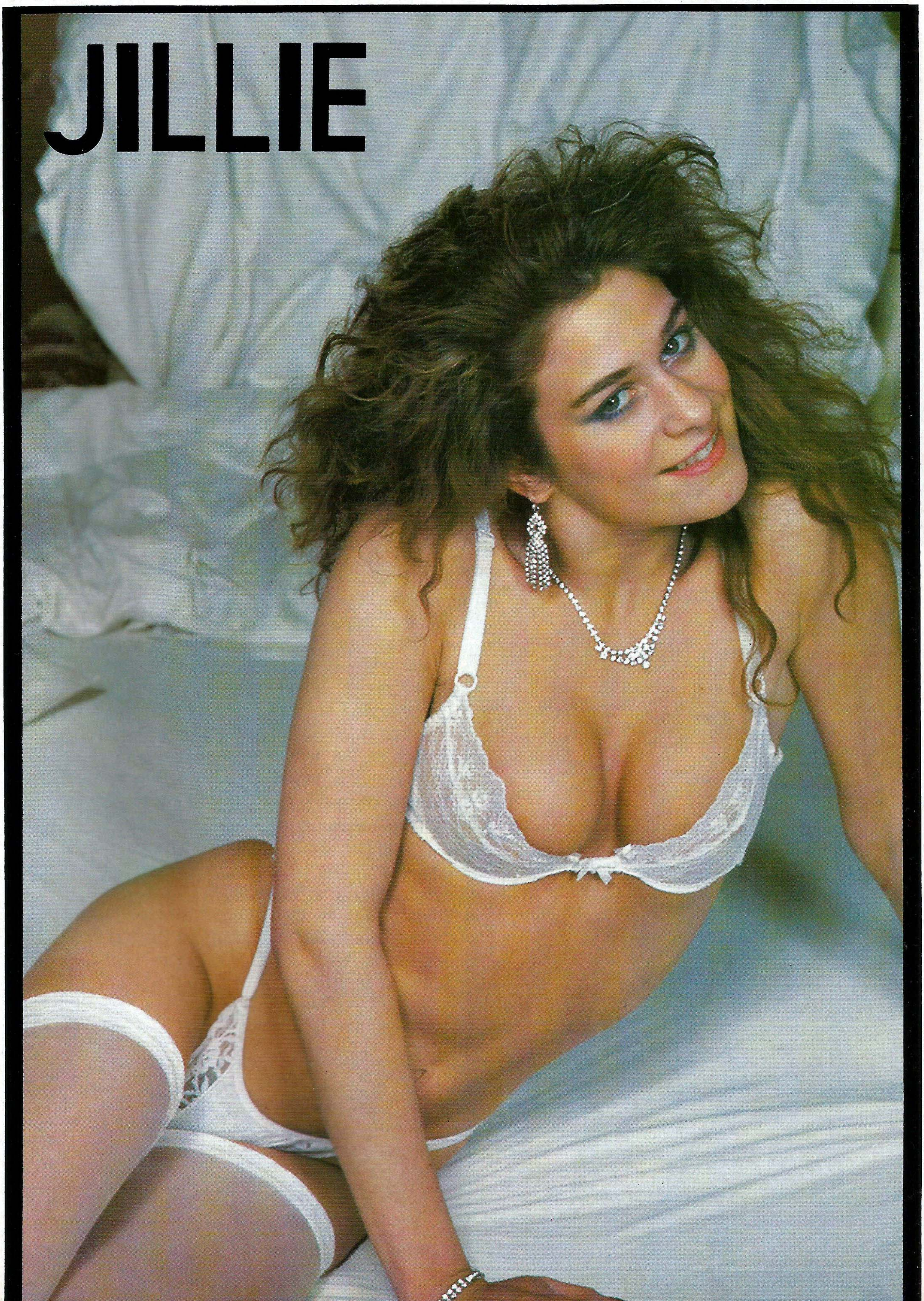
"Sorry Santa — no female astronauts this time."

LAUGH WITH ART REID

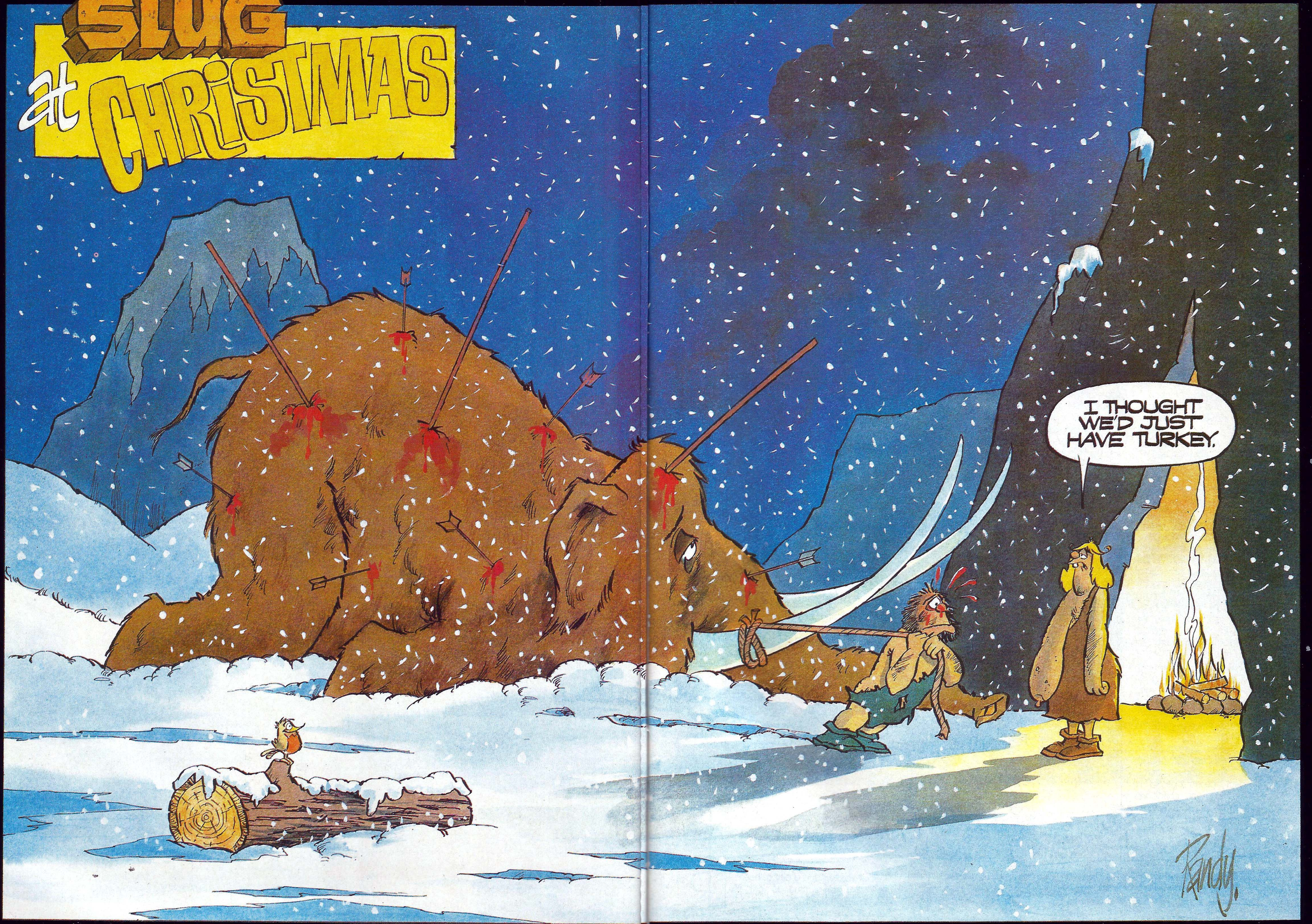


"Is it still your favourite Grotto?"

JILLIE



SLUG at CHRISTMAS


I THOUGHT WE'D JUST HAVE TURKEY.
Randy

JOKER

That joke you heard in the pub last night could get you a crisp blue fiver. Send your funnies to: Knave Plays Joker, P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

IT WAS THE first time Father Kelly had ever met a Rabbi, and he was naturally curious.

'Is it true that your lot aren't allowed pork?'

'Quite right, Father. Is it true that your lot aren't allowed sex?'

'That is so. Do you mind me asking if you've ever been tempted to try pork?'

'Yes, and I succumbed – once. Have you ever tried sex?'

'Yes, once.'

'Better than pork, isn't it?'

• • •

THE OLD LADY was finding it increasingly hard to make ends meet from the modest income raised by the smallholding left to her after her husband's death. She welcomed, without fully understanding, her neighbour's advice to increase her income by having her cow made pregnant under the government's artificial insemination program for farm animals.

She telephoned the number she had been given and in due course a young vet visited her farm and made a provisional examination of the cow and the cowshed.

'Heavens! This cowshed is filthy! It is absolutely disgusting. You can't possibly expect me to operate in these kind of conditions. Clean the place up before I next call.'

After he departed, she set to work immediately and upon his return a fortnight later, she was pretty well satisfied with her efforts. The vet could hardly believe his eyes as she showed him around the cowshed. Expensive carpet had been laid, the wallpaper wasn't cheap either and there was subdued lighting. In the background soft music played.

'This is absolutely fabulous,' he gushed. 'I've never seen a cowshed so beautiful. You're to be congratulated.'

'Oh, thank you,' she said, pleased. 'And look, I've even put a hook over there for you to hang your trousers on.'

• • •

TWO NUNS are driving in their car when they suddenly run out of petrol. Since they haven't got a spare can, one of them has to walk to the next filling station where she then asks the attendant for petrol.

'Where's your spare can, madam?' the lad wants to know.

'I haven't got one,' she replies.

'Ooh, we're completely sold out of spare cans. I'm awfully sorry but I can't help you.'

The nun looks up to heaven in despair.

'Ehem,' the attendant remarks, 'I . . . em . . . could put some petrol in this old chamber pot here.'

The nun thanks God and the helpful attendant, and walks back to the car. As she is filling the petrol tank a car passes by and the driver of it just can't believe what he sees happening there. Still shaking his head he shouts at the nuns: 'I only wish I had your faith.'

• • •

TWO GOURMETS were talking about English cuisine. One tries to sum it all up: 'Well damn it, everything that's warm is beer and everything that's cold is soup.'

• • •

'A PINT OF BITHER,' lisped the muscular young man with the speech impediment to the barman.

'A pinth of bither, thir,' said the barman with what appeared to be unforgivable mimickry.

Offended, the young man leaned across the counter and grabbed the insulting barman by the throat. 'Are you taking the pith out of me?' he asked threateningly.

'No, I thpeak that way mythelf,' the barman spluttered and the handicapped young man released him and apologized.

'A few minutes later a well-dressed gent caught the barman's attention and called; 'Ah, barman! May I have a large scotch on the rocks please.'

Just as flawlessly, the barman said: 'A large scotch on the rocks, sir. Right away, sir.'

Angrily, the young man with the impediment leapt up snarling. 'You were taking the pith out of me.'

'No, I'm taking the pith out of him,' the terrified barman replied.

• • •

'DARLING, will you screw me in the kitchen?'

'Sure, but why in the kitchen?'

'Because I want to time an egg.'

• • •

HOW DO YOU fool an archaeologist?

Give him a tampon and ask him what period it came from.

• • •

A YOUNG COUPLE were walking in the park when they come up to two people fucking in the bushes.

'What are they doing?' asks the girl, with a knowing smile.

'Making fish and chips,' replies the boy, quick as a flash. 'Do you wanna try it too?'

'Okay.'

When they get home the girl's twin sister says, 'I see you've been making fish and chips.'

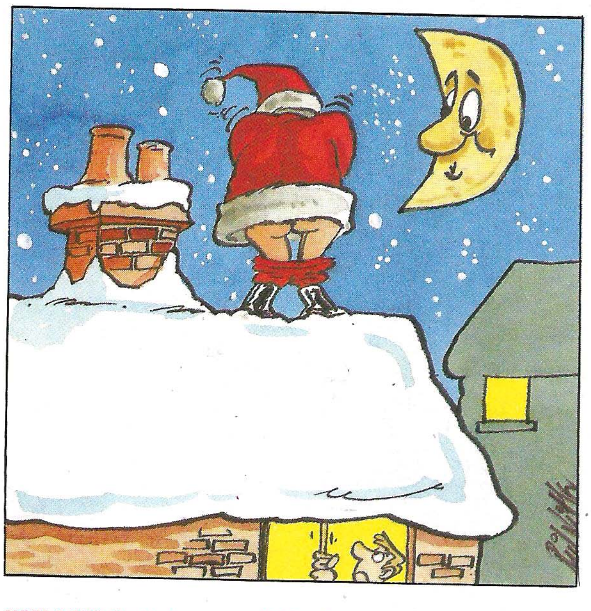
'How can you tell?'

'The batter's dripping out of your knickers.'

• • •

WHY DID THE teenager stick his hand in a pint of beer?

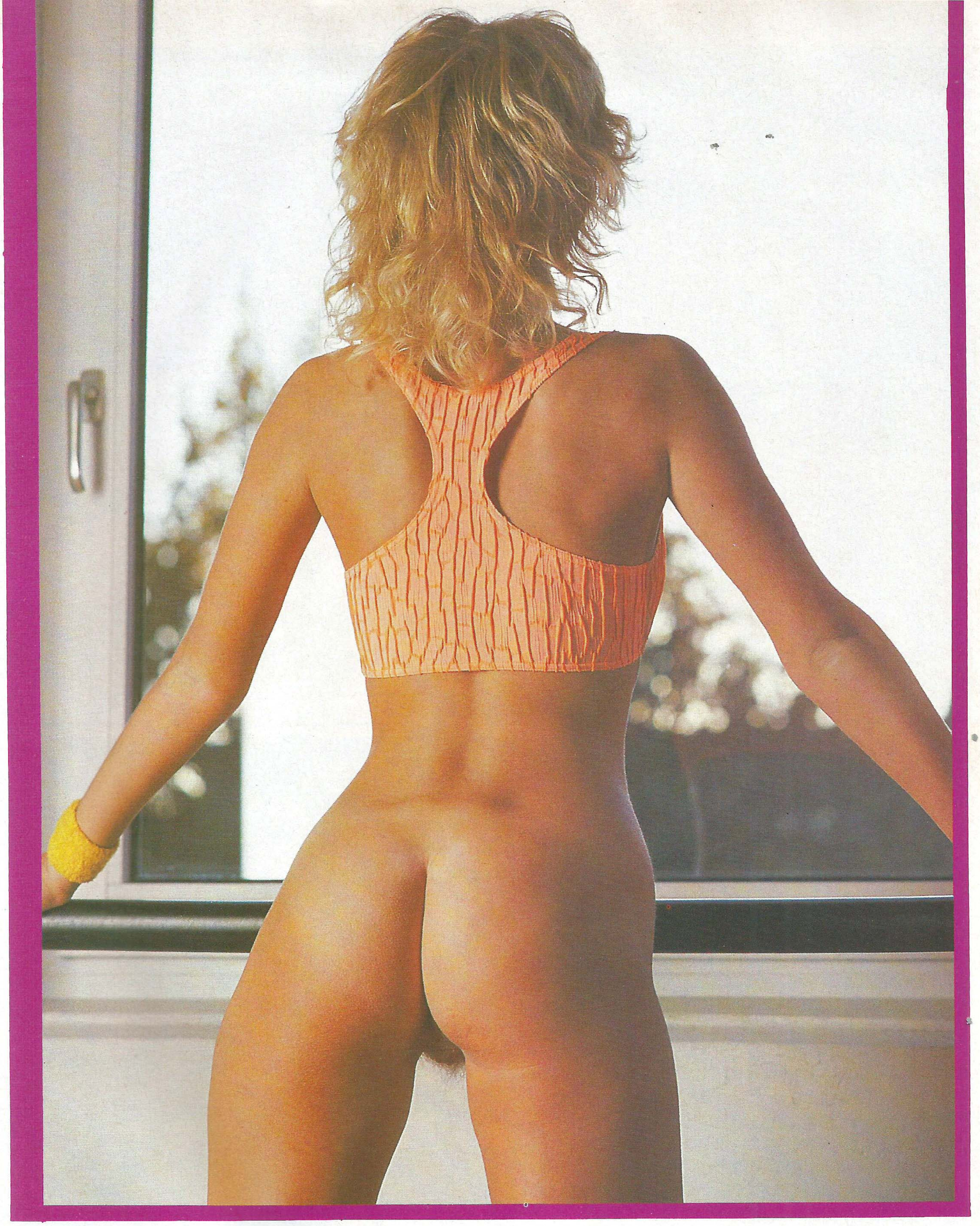
He wanted to get his date drunk.



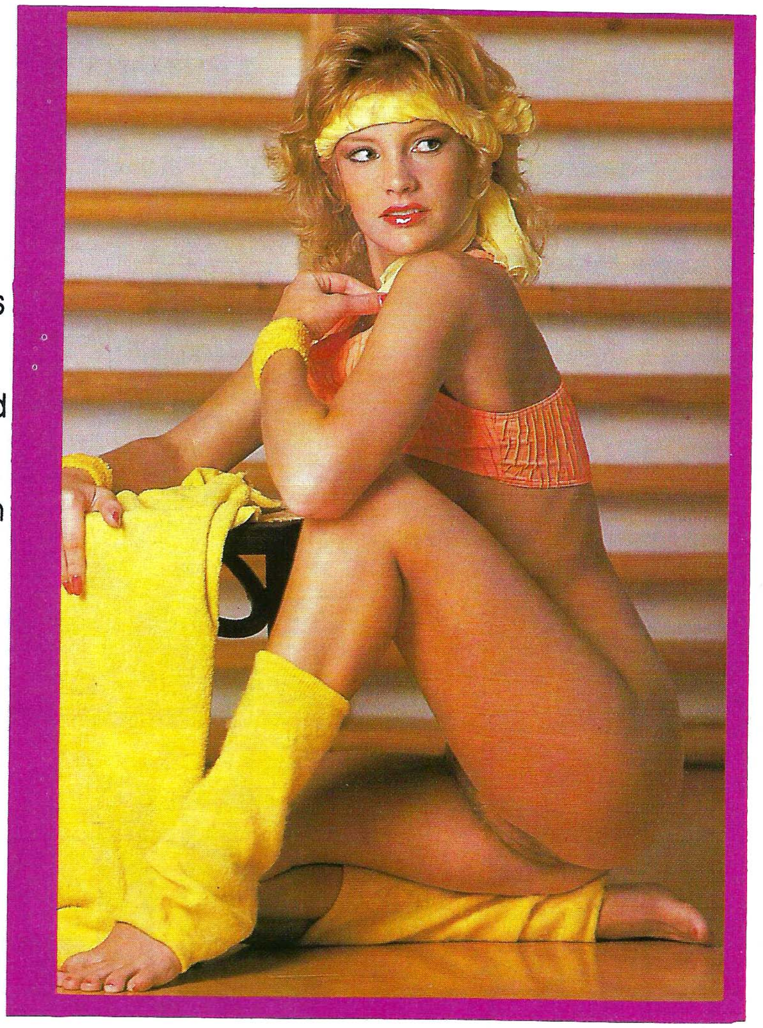
WHY DOES Santa have no children?

Because he only comes once a year – and that's down the chimney!

JOKER



RILLA



Bastards, comes a shout from the readership, what's so fucking Xmas-like about Rilla's primal exudations of sexuality? Bear with me . . . you of little faith. This is a bona fide Christmas set, honestly – if only you'd stop and think. Christmas equals pig-outs, okay? Pig-outs equal expanding guts and wobbly bums – right? Well, do you think Rilla can afford to go down that path? Of course not, she's got to look sharp enough to erect an editor even if he has just groped his way through the typing pool at the office party; hence the work-out gear – Rilla really goes for the aerobic burn at Christmas. It keeps her trim, it keeps her thin, and what's more, the headband was a Christmas present from the lads down in the Knave workshops – so no more 'not very Christmassy' jibes, please.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL ANCHER

THE NIGHTMARE MAN FROM ELM STREET

While sneaking a quiet 40 winks in the office, STEPHEN JONES found himself confronted by Freddy Krueger (alias actor Robert Englund), the pizza-faced bogey-man from the *Nightmare On Elm Street* movies. He survived long enough to give us the details...

RE
EET
DY'S
ENGE
18
OOL BUS

In 1984 a small Hollywood company called New Line Pictures premiered a new horror movie. Made on a budget of just $1½ million, *A Nightmare On Elm Street* opened with little advance hype and was originally perceived by the critics and public alike at just another low-budget stalk 'n' slash thriller.

'Whatever You Do Don't Fall Asleep . . .' warned the posters, and within a few days word-of-mouth recommendation had sent the film's box office takings through the roof.

Combining all the elements of the traditional horror movie with impressive-looking special effects, *A Nightmare On Elm Street* told the story of a group of suburban teenagers who discover that they all share a common nightmare.

One-by-one, as they sleep, they are dispatched by a disfigured killer with an evil steel claw, who waits for them in their darkest nightmares. With her friends ending up in a welter of blood, gutsy Nancy Thompson (Heather Langenkamp) decides to fight back before it's too late ("I'm into survival," she tells her boyfriend). Yet despite drinking gallons of coffee and poppping countless pills down her throat, Nancy can't resist a quick snooze during class, and she ends up in a hellish world of boiling flames and hissing steam.

Barely escaping with her life, Nancy learns fom her gin-soaked mother (Ronee Blakely) and stalwart cop father (John Saxon) that the pizza-faced bogeyman plaguing her dreams is Fred Krueger, a real-life child killer who was finally tracked down and burned to death by a mob of vigilante parents (including Nancy's). Now Freddy has returned through the kids' dreams to revenge himself on the parents who originally destroyed him.

Finally realizing that she must act on her own to survive, Nancy enters Krueger's boiler room of Hell one last time to drag him into the waking world where he can be destroyed. . . .

Written and directed by Wes Craven (who had previously made an impressive debut with the sleezy *Last House On The Left* before moving on to such mundane product as *Deadly Blessing* and *Swamp Thing*), the film had been beset with problems during production: Lack of money, a short shooting schedule and last-minute script changes all added to Craven's problems. But what made *A Nightmare On Elm Street* stand out from other horror movies was the character of Freddy Krueger, portrayed by actor Robert Englund. Audiences remembered the nightmarish figure of Freddy — his greasy red and black striped sweater, battered felt hat pulled down over his horribly burned features, and a right-hand glove fitted with razor-sharp knives. Freddy Krueger quickly became the moviegoers' quintessential bogeyman.

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF THE KOBAL COLLECTION

THE NIGHTMARE MAN FROM ELM STREET

continued from previous page

"Originally they wanted a very big man to play Freddy," reveals mild-mannered actor Englund, "and I don't think he was going to talk at all. I had a hiatus between TV shows and this was the only project that would fill the time for me. I also wanted to work with Wes Craven.

"I was breaking up with my wife when I went to meet Wes and I was in a sort of punk stage then: I had gell on my hair and pencilled circles under my eyes, and I just sat there staring at him. I guess I rang a bell, or something, because he went with me."

Critics called the first film, 'A high octane shocker . . .', 'A state-of-the-art horror film', and announced it was 'destined for horror history'. *Nightmare 1* went on to gross an incredible $30 million!

"One-by-one, as they sleep, they are dispatched by a disfigured killer."

"You have to remember that we make them for little or no money," says Englund. "We worked a hard six weeks on that first one. I had a day and a half off a week, which gave my skin a chance to breathe and heal from the make-up. When I see *Nightmare 1* now it has an almost naive folk-art quality to it. But it's like the original *King Kong* — you can't improve on it without ruining it."

Not surprisingly, New Line quickly decided to get to work on a sequel, and *A Nightmare On Elm Street Part 2 — Freddy's Revenge* reached the screens just over a year later.

"A lot of Freddy's humour was encouraged by Wes in *Nightmare 1*," Englund points out, "but most of it hit the cutting room floor. They were a little wary of giving this creature a personality. However, Jack Sholder — who did some editing on *Nightmare 1* and directed *Nightmare 2* — had seen some of this material and put a lot of the humour back into the sequel.

"In the States, *Nightmare 2* disappointed the hard-core horror fans in terms of thrills, but it got better reviews than the first one. The *New York Times* gave it a rave. I love the opening, but it gets bogged down in the middle. However, the rest is quite wonderful."

Wes Craven is missing from the sequel, as are the original cast members, and instead we are introduced to a new batch of potential teenage victims: Five years have passed since the first movie, and the children are sleeping peacefully again. Then 17-year-old Jessie Walsh (Mark Patton) and his family move into *that* house on Elm Street. In no time at all, Jesse starts having bad dreams and it's not long before he is possessed by the spirit of good old Freddy Krueger, who once again takes gleeful pleasure in laying waste to the youthful cast.

"*Nightmare 2* is a very creepy, very kinky film," according to Englund. "It reverses the first one — instead of having a teenage girl in jeopardy we have a bisexual male, and these factors are exploited by Freddy. I don't think Mark played the character particularly bisexual, but he's definitely a virgin boy with a low self-esteem sexually. There's a lot of stuff inferred with the S&M bar, stringing up the Coach in the shower room in a bondage situation, and going to his boy friend's house for protection — the two of them take their clothes off as much as possible. All that adolescent mad teenage hormone stuff is explored, which of course Freddy is privy to."

In London the second *Nightmare* movie earned £64,000 on one screen in one week, and to date it has grossed more than $35 million. Freddy Krueger has become an unlikely cult figure: Kids dress up in Freddy drag for midnight screenings; an American heavy metal rock group has a song out entitled *The Ballad Of Freddy Krueger*; young people in India see him as the contemporary manifestation of a traditional evil spirit, and teenagers in Yugoslavia tell Freddy jokes ("they don't translate well," laughs Englund).

He has become *the* screen monster of the '80s, outstripping such rivals as *Psycho*'s Norman Bates, *Texas Chainsaw*'s Leatherface, *Halloween*'s Shape and *Friday The 13th*'s hockey-masked Jason (a planned team-up between Freddy and Jason sadly floundered when the two studios couldn't agree on how to split the profits . . .)

"I don't play Freddy as evil incarnate," says Englund, "although I believe that is what he is on a symbolic level. The evil has come home — Freddy is the sins of the parents revisited on the children. Freddy is a child murderer and that means he is killing innocence, killing the future. I don't play Freddy as a symbol, I play Freddy as a man — a man who hates the future of youth.

"Nancy can't resist a quick snooze during class, and she ends up in a hellish world of boiling flames and hissing steam."

"I use those things as an actor, and occasionally some of Freddy's predicament shows through. I don't want people to be sympathetic towards him, but I like the idea that he is out there thrashing around in the middle-class personified: Elm Street represents everything that is safe about suburban America and Freddy enjoys taking his revenge there because I don't think he was ever allowed to be a part of it."

Now, just when you thought it was safe to sleep again, Freddy's back in *A Nightmare On Elm Street Part 3 — Dream Warriors*. This third outing also marks a welcome return to the series of creator Wes Craven (as co-writer and executive producer) and original stars Heather Langenkemp and John Saxon.

This time Freddy is invading the dreams of seven disturbed teenagers locked up in a psychiatric hospital. Preying on their deepest fears, Freddy is drawing them into his nightmare world and to certain destruction. Enter Nancy Thompson, the heroine from the first film and now a specialist in dream disorders. With the help of an understanding doctor (Craig Wasson), Nancy convinces the terrified teens to confront Freddy on his own hellish territory. Using hypnosis, they enter the dream world and are plunged into a twilight realm of ultimate evil in a final attempt to save their souls . . .

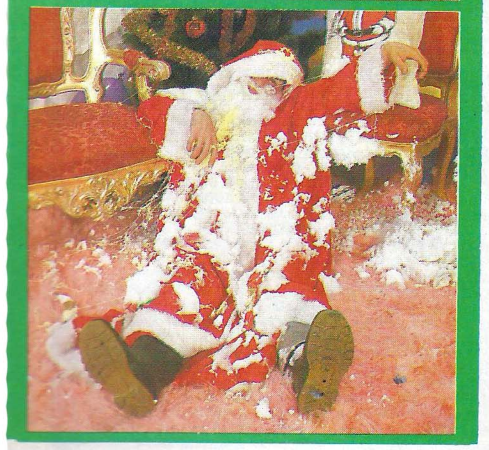
"Our films are not 'slashers'," insists Englund, now firmly identified with the role of Freddy, "they are much more surrealistic, much more stylized. They take place in a dream not reality, and if you took the gore out of them you'd still have an interesting gimmick with that alone. Horror has always been a part of our society, a fascination with abomination that we all have. The *Nightmare* films are several rungs up the evolutionary ladder in terms of the horror genre.

"In *Nightmare 3* the children are encouraged to talk about their problems and band together, and I think these movies allow teenagers to confront their fears and have a collective cathartic experience in the dark — they laugh, they scream, and they get their money's worth."

Directed by Chuck Russell, the third *Nightmare On Elm Street* features far more elaborate sets and complicated make-up effects than the previous two movies, and although the budget had risen to just over $4 million, in its opening week in America it became the biggest box-office earner ever for an independent production and has to date grossed more than $45 million. So does that mean that New Line will continued churning out the *Nightmare* series *ad nauseam*? Not according to Robert Englund:

"I think it's going to be difficult to top *Nightmare 3* without going back in time and doing a prequel. I'm very proud of the new film and I want to do *Nightmare 4*. But I hope we'll bring it up to the beginning of the first film and perhaps I'll get the chance to play Freddy without the burns. Then we should call it a day."

However, for the time being at least, Freddy continues to stalk teenager's dreams: With his claw-like hand tipped with glittering razors he continues to turn dreams into reality and reality into horrifying nightmare. "Freddy enjoys his work . . ." laughs Robert Englund in that distinctive death-rattle chuckle that has made him famous, ". . . his revenge is sweet."



robyn **AND** katie

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVE ANTONY

Oh shoot. This one's blown it. I'm afraid I have no choice other than to come clean and admit that this has got bugger all to do with Christmas. Robyn's blonde hair's pretty for sure, and our old friend Katie's as yummy as ever . . . the tramp in the wellies and red coat I'd rather not comment on . . . but I have to admit it's just not seasonal. God knows why we've put in the Christmas edition. Heads will roll.

robyn **AND** katie

Book Of The Month

It's the same all over. Somebody does something smart or magical and before you can say Cheap Rip Off Imitation Crap the market's flooded with it: everyone wants to get on the bandwagon, and after a while your forget whatever it was that made whatever it was fun in the first place.

Fantasy is a prime example: before Tolkien there weren't many fantasy writers, but those there were – Eddison, Campbell, Dunsany, Mirelees, Lewis, Bramah and Co. – were individuals who turned out highly individual books. Post Tolkien the shelves are flooded with horrible clones of *Lord Of The Rings*. When you break a hologram, I am told, you do not get fractions of the picture: each fragment of the hologram contains the whole, but blurred and distorted. In the same way each of today's fantasy trilogies resembles the next, and, if I read them I am hard put to tell them apart. But every publisher hopes that maybe, with luck, they can cash in the Fantasy market out there. Maybe this one will be the next *Lord Of The Rings*...

My money's on Clive Barker's **Weaveworld** *(Collins, £12.95)*. Barker has gone back to basics on this stuff, on what makes it interesting and what makes it work, and he writes a seven hundred page book that could have been twice as long and I wouldn't have minded.

There's a world woven into a carpet, a world in which magic is real, a world that is being protected from the Scourge – an eternal destroyer. But the Immacolata has come, and Shadwell the salesman with her, and the Immacolata's dead sisters: all come to destroy the Carpet.

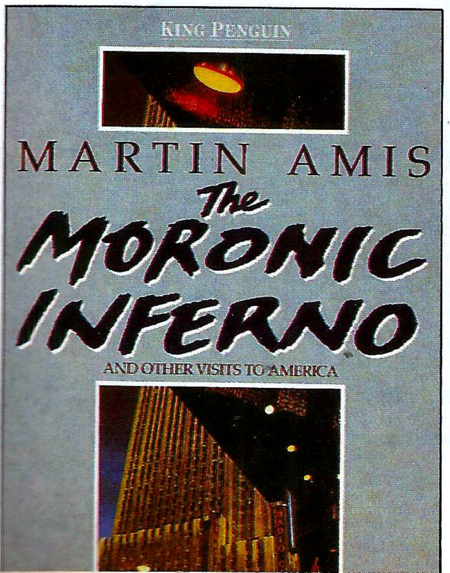
A man and a woman stand between the forces of darkness (including a Liverpool Chief of Police and hordes of malformed and ghostly children) and the World within the Carpet. Like a Narnia story for grown ups, *Weaveworld* takes you places you've never dreamed existed before, with enough horror and perversity that the fans of Barker's more visceral work will not be disappointed. Highly recommended: check it out.

W.C. Gull

Books

A mixed bag here, with no more rhyme nor reason to the selection than these were the ones I picked out of the Knave Book Mountain (registered with the EEC as a mess) to read.

Pulling a book out of the pile, I find myself clutching Martin Amis' **The Moronic Inferno (And Other Visits To America)** *(King Penguin, £3.50)*. Wobbling between waspish and fawning – but always perceptive – he interviews and writes about Truman Capote, Kurt Vonnegut, Norman Mailer and Gore Vidal, examines the Atlanta Killings, the films of Brian de Palma, Reagan's first campaign trail, US TV Evangelists, AIDS, Hugh Hefner. It's a precise but personal view of God's Own Country: not as good as the back cover quotes, but not bad, either.



Acting As Friends – The Story Of The Samaritans by *Michael de-la-Noy (Constable, £10.95)* is an informative, but dust-dry look at the history of the Samaritans organization. There's lots of interesting stuff here, – I think my favourite was the stuff about the Brendas, women who specialize in befriending people who masturbate over the phone, – but one feels none of the most interesting stories are being told. Skip it, unless you are in, want to be in, or are regularly in the habit of phoning, the Samaritans...

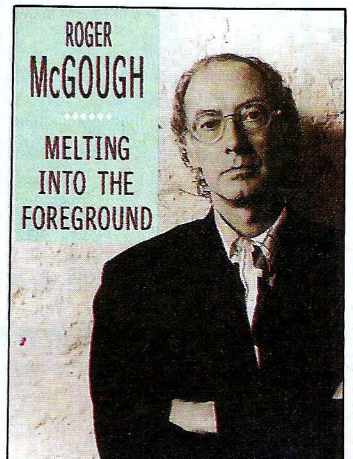
Dan Jacobson's novel **Her Story** *(Andre Deutsch, £8.95)* purports to be a novel set in the distant past, written by Celia Dinan about fifty years from now, and discovered and read in 300 years time. After a fairly interesting introduction, the book itself is a disappointment. Anything which relies on the kind of twist ending that means that the book jacket can't reveal who the characters in 'Dinan's' novel are without giving the plot away has got to be flimsy. And this is. Skip it.

Swamp Thing Volume Two *(Titan, £5.95)* brings us more of the doings of Alan Moore, Steve Bisette and John Totleben's Bog God. Here, Swamp Thing and Abigail are mixed up with strange goings-on in a home for autistic children, alongside a demon and a monkey-king that becomes whatever you fear. Better than the first book – and looking better in black and white than the first did – and highly recommended.

Geoffrey The Tube Train And The Fat Comedian by Alexei Sayle and Oscar Zarate *(Methuen, £4.95)* is a surprising book. Surprising because a) it's a graphic novel, b) it's written by Alexei Sayle and c) it's really quite good. Funny in spaces, but basically an obsessional study of a comedian cracking up, combined with a children's story about a tube train and murder on the underground. Zarate's artwork is great, too. Buy it.

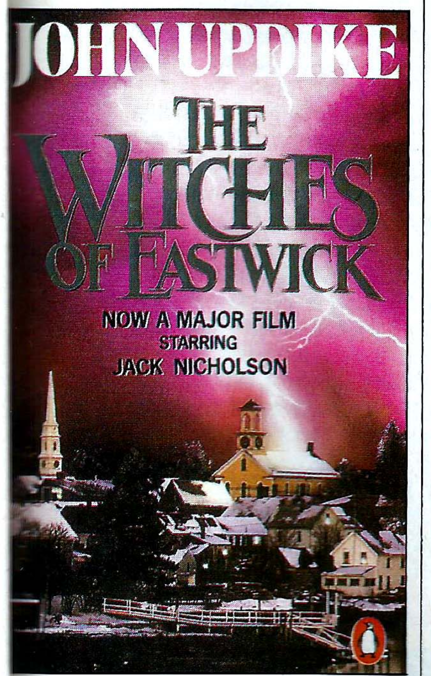
Don't Panic – The Official Hitch-Hiker's Guide To The Galaxy Companion *(Titan, £3.95)* is written by my old friend and drinking partner Neil Gaiman. Despite this obvious handicap it's a fun and informative history of Douglas Adams' most famous brainchild, from books and TV shows through to computer games and towels, full of jokes and oddments that for one reason or another never made it into the other versions of Hitch-hiker. I could say that this is one of the great books of our time, a stunning, revelatory, exposé of society, an artistic breakthrough and a masterpiece of contemporary writing, but it's not. Should be compulsory reading for anyone interested in 'Hitch-hiker's', though.

I keep trying to like the poetry of Roger McGough. Having dutifully read **Melting Into The Foreground** *(Penguin, £3.95)*, his latest book, I found myself failing again. Don't mind it caught in snatches from Radio 4, read by the poet, but lifeless on the paper it's a big disappointment.



Mike Wilks' **The Ultimate Alphabet** *(Pavilion, £5.95)* is a strange book. Part series of paintings, part puzzle, part general knowledge test, part educational tool. Twenty six painting are crammed with things beginning with the same letter of the alphabet: 7,777 things are depicted. 'Can you spot them all?' A strange and obsessive book, which could become habit forming.

John Updike's **The Witches Of Eastwick** *(Penguin, £2.95)* has been reissued to tie in with the film of the same name. I reviewed it over a year ago in this very magazine. It's still a good book, but I preferred the movie.



Thomas Tessier's **Finishing Touches** *(Grafton, £2.95)* is a peculiar book, promising much and, as far as I was concerned, not really delivering. Not entirely innocent American Doctor meets Rich Plastic Surgeon in London and is introduced by him to a life of degradation and sybaritic delights, nastiness and murder. Don't be misled by the cover or blurbs – the book doesn't deliver.

On the other hand Dan Simmons' **Song Of Kali** *(Headline, £2.95)* has a naff cover and blurbs but is one of the most terrifying books I've read in years. An American writer goes to Calcutta to seek out an Indian writer believed dead for almost a decade; he finds himself entraped in a huge conspiracy, the ultimate nature of which we can only guess at, and in a personal nightmare. A severely unpleasant book, the kind that gives genuine nightmares.

Dan Simmons
SONG of KALI
WINNER OF THE WORLD FANTASY AWARD

Russell Hoban is a brilliant and wonderful writer. Whether or not his latest book **The Medusa Frequency** *(Jonathan Cape, £10.95)* is any good or not I feel quite unable to decide. It's a resonant retelling of the story of Orpheus, and of the life of comic-book writer and failed novelist Hermann Orff. It's cute and fun and full of little in-jokes and classical allusions, and I enjoyed it, but from the author of Riddley Walker and Pilgermann it seems, well, rather slight.

Okker Chic *(Corgi, £3.95)* subtitled (more and more books seem to be subtitled these days. I don't like it. Stop it now!) **The Joyboy Journalism Of Michael Thomas** is an Ozzie look at gonzo journalism. Funny, often very perceptive, sometimes possibly even factually correct. I enjoyed it.

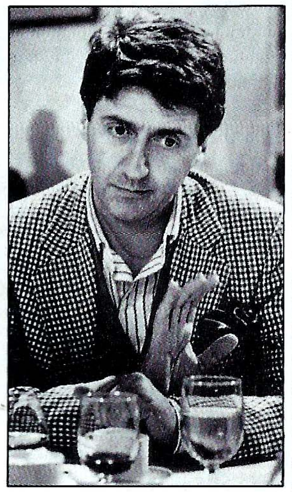
Finally a book I've been waiting for for the last four years: **The Urth Of The New Sun** by Gene Wolfe *(Gollancz, £11.95)*. Gene Wolfe's *Book Of The New Sun*, the four-book series that began with *The Shadow Of The Torturer* was the best, the most ambitious, the most remarkable work of Science Fiction in the last few decades. This book is a postscript to the series: it explains much that was previously obscure and occasionally obscures things that had previously been plain: Severian, Autarch and former Torturer, sets out on the quest to the Stars to bring the New Sun back to Earth... On finishing this I was overcome with desire to read the first four books again. If I could only find them, here in the Knave Book Mountain, I probably would...

W.C. Gull

Movies

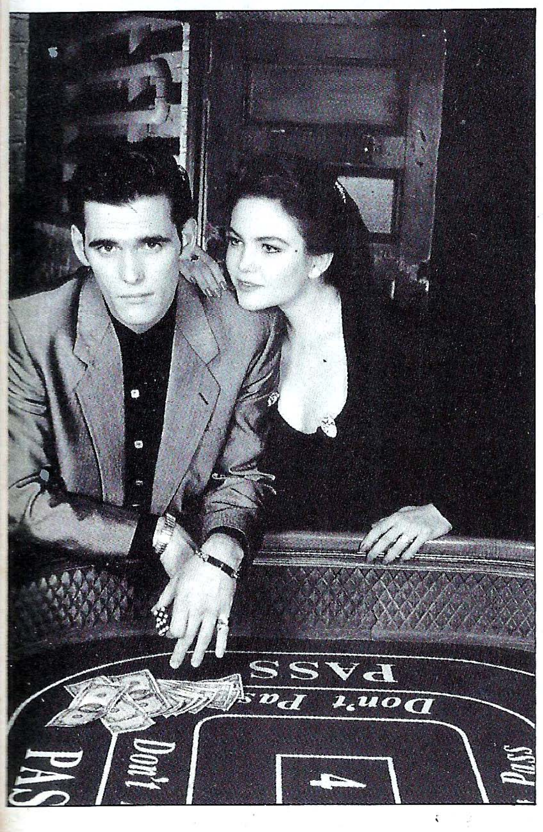
Very much on the slow and miserable side is **The Good Wife**, a sensitive study of wife-sharing farmfolk in pre-war, poverty-stricken, Orz-strylier. Bryan Brown (of ***F/X***) is the hubbie who rather bewilderedly goes along with it, and Rachel Ward is the restless wife who half-wishes he wouldn't. As a great screen romantic duo, these two actors could be in the Spencer Tracy-Katherine Hepburn class, but alas this story gets mesmerized by the wife's dumb and loathsome lovers, both of whom bored me limp.

Beyond Therapy shows just how to make a collection of sexual fruit and nut cases into an amusing movie. Glenda Jackson and Tom Conti are two fashionable psychiatrists, who slip out between patients for a quick bonk standing up in the dark. Julie Hagerty and Jeff Goldblum are two patients who keep meeting on blind dates under different names. Best crude moment: Conti's beautiful patient insists on standing in the corner throughout the session, then finally turns to flash her gorgeous tits at him, but only hits the next patient entering, who's a woman, and doesn't notice. Best highly intellectual moments: Glenda trying to explain away her various Freudian slips, like saying "dirigible" instead of "bisexual".



Last but not least, two tasty dishes cooked to beloved old recipes. In **The Stepfather** Terry O'Quinn is your typical friendly neighbourhood psycho, who loves mass murdering happy American families, especially their underage

daughters. **The Big Town** nearly does for dice what **The Hustler** did for pool. Plus plenty of slinky casino women, and sharply styled



'50s behaviour by Matt Dillon, and by Tommy Lee Jones as a craggy but sharp-eyed heavy.

Eddie Hartley

Super-spy James Bond is back; and the good news is that **The Living Daylights** is one of his best adventures in *years*. (Yes, we know the film came out months ago, but it will still be around pre-Christmas). Timothy Dalton's much-hyped 007 – the ultimate secret agent for the yuppie '80s – is smooth and efficient, but with that underlying streak of ruthlessness that has been sadly missing from the series since the departure of Sean Connery. The complex story has little to do with creator Ian Fleming and involves Bond aiding the defection of top KGB General Koskov (the excellent Jeroen Krabbe) from a Czechoslovakian concert hall. However, despite the success of the mission, the secret agent's problems are just beginning. It soon becomes obvious that Koskov is playing a deadly double game: He is smuggling opium out of Russian-occupied Afghanistan to buy weapons from a red neck American arms dealer (Joe Don Baker) in an attempt to stage a minor *coup d'etat* back in the mother country. With the aid of a beautiful Czech celloist (Maryam d'Abo), an upper-class Afghan freedom fighter (Art Malik), and a few of Q's unpredictable high-tech gadgets, Bond is forced to take on an entire regiment of Soviet troops in an explosive race against time. Although apparently still obsessed with scenes of skiing and parachuting, director John Glen wisely holds back the film's most spectacular aerial stunt until the exciting climax. Unfortunately, *The Living Daylights* lacks a colourful super-villain for Bond to pit his wits against, but it still offers audiences a gritty, stylish, and well-crafted slice of escapism which gives a welcome boost to this previously-flagging series.

Stephen Jones

Movie Of The Month

On the very day World War 2 broke out, yours truly reached the grand old age of seven. And ever since, I've been waiting for some movie to give even the faintest idea of what the blitz and all that did to my generation. Now at last comes John Boorman's **Hope And Glory**. It's the next best thing to being back there then. It's a kid's-eye-view of the home front. This nine-year-old boy may miss some adult nuances about 'grown-ups love lives', mostly – but we, peeking over his shoulder, don't. And this astute little horror has quite shameless eyes and ears. So here at last it all is, as it was. That first wartime Sunday 49 years ago, when after the siren sounded a strange silence fell over Suburbia: all the lawn-mowers had stopped. Here are mum and the kids munching biscuits in the cupboard under the stairs as bombs shake the streets all around them. Here are the schoolboys, and girls too, developing a half-wild life amongst bombed-site gangs. Here's dad, before going off to war, entrusting to his cricket-mad son the secret of bowling googlies, as his special coded way of guiding him to grow up.

Here too are all those odd and eerie moments that war generates. A German pilot lands amongst the allotment cabbages, and the housewives fight each other to get the silk from his parachute. A fanatical schoolteacher sets rows of children chanting their nine-times-tables through their gas-masks. A drifting barrage-balloon blocks the street, rubbing against the houses and shattering their bowwindows, yet looking so like a soft cuddly elephant that even the home-owners applaud it. The pack of wild kids who stone a Yank whom they catch laying a local bird in "their" bomb-gutted house. But they're still innocent, as only English schoolboys can be, about your actual act of screwing, and scratch their heads perplexedly: "I suppose they're still learning, that's why they keep moving".

Oh, and quite apart from the vivid way this film revives "those dear dead days beyond recall", how wonderful to see again Sarah Miles, mellowed into a nice, comfy, gently shockable, Mum; which only makes her sexier than ever.

Eddie Hartley

Videos

Unlike the video-renting public in general, reviewers get pissed off with 'stalk-and-slash' movies. It's probably because we have to watch so many of them, so when one comes along that's qualitatively different enough for this correspondent to enjoy it, it must be pretty good.

The title in question is **Sorority House Massacre** *(Medusa)*, and the reason it stands out, more than anything else, is the bewildering intercutting of 'real' and dream sequences.

The setting is (obviously enough) a college sorority house – girls' residence to you and me. As soon as she arrives, new girl Beth starts to experience hallucinations. They are fairly mild at the outset, but rapidly develop into scenes of carnage within the house, and later become nightmares in which a loony is chasing her.

What we know, but Beth doesn't is that there's a real nutter at the local asylum who has the same face as the one in her hallucinations, and he is getting highly agitated.

The discovery that the house, before its present ownership, was the scene of a mass killing further clouds matters. Are Beth's visions subconscious memories, illusory *déjà vu* or precognition? Or has she just developed a loose slate or two?

All will eventually be revealed, because as Beth and friends get stuck into a weekend of mild partying, the fruitcake breaks out of the worm farm and starts heading in her direction. Fans of the genre should certainly watch this one – it knocks spots off, say, *Friday 13th Part III*.

For further chills, turn to *Guild Home Video's* **Witchboard**. Don't let the 15 certificate on the sleeve fool you into thinking this one's in any way feeble. Although, for an occult horror, it doesn't stand in the heavily gory class, it does contain a couple of scenes that one suspects might have come up while the censor was out for a piss. Most of the chills, though, come from quite a decent and consistent level of tension.

Linda and Jim throw a housewarming, at which one of the guests is Jim's ex-best friend, and Linda's ex-boyfriend, Brandon. The two men no longer get on at all well, because Brandon remains convinced that Jim 'stole' his girl.

Brandon's party trick is to get Linda to join him in summoning up a spirit through his antique Ouija board. The spook is supposed to be a benevolent one – a child called David who died aged 10 in an accident. But Jim's animosity towards Brandon sends the ghost into a mildly destructive tantrum.

Brandon goes off in a snot, forgetting to take his board with him. Linda later contacts David to make amends, and puts subsequent odd happenings down to the childish spirit disliking her boyfriend. But when Jim narrowly escapes death in a work accident which kills his mate, it is clear that things are getting out of hand.

Can the medium who Brandon brings in identify and neutralize the evil force, which is using the board as a portal, in time to stop more horrors? Can Jim and Brandon help save Linda from demonic possession? Let's just say that you shouldn't expect all of them to survive the struggle.

Witchboard is not a film to make you wet yourself with fright, but it is effective and entirely watchable. The punkette medium is a stroke of pure inspiration.

That delicious actress (in a mature sort of way) Sally Kellerman crops up twice this month – see Video of the Month review. Her second role is also in an unpromising teen-type comedy which turns out to be unexpectedly enjoyable, this time **Meatballs 3** *(Braveworld)*.

Having fought shy of the previous *Meatballs* offerings, I'm tempted now to go back and give them a spin on the grounds of the fun I had with this one. One presumes, though, that there's no continuing story involved.

Part 3 (subtitled *Summer Job*) revolves around a skinny, bespectacled, wimpish and unsurprisingly virginal kid called Rudy. He's the butt of all the class jokes, and things fail to improve when he turns up for his vacation job at a marina run by Mean Gene – a speedboat Hell's Angel-type who runs with the highly unsalubrious River Rats.

There's no point in drooling at Gene's old lady – the 'Love Goddess' – because anyone who even looks in her direction gets thrown through the roof. Rudy is also surrounded by bikini-clad lovelies in his job as petrol pump attendant and bog-cleaner, but even the ones who don't know him from school think he's a prat. Only a punkish local girl fancies our non-hero, and he wouldn't be seen dead with her.

Meanwhile, porn star Roxy Dujour (Kellerman) comes and goes simultaneously by pegging out on the set of her latest film. On arrival at the pearly gates of the great movie studio in the sky, she's found not to be on the guest list. Her only hope is to go back to Earth and do her first good deed. Spotting through the celestial mists a kid who just can't get his leg over, Roxy decides that it's the sort of job she has the expertise to handle. But can she turn our frog into a prince before her deadline runs out?

Summer Job is no masterpiece, but there are plenty of laughs involved, and it's a street ahead of most of the teen sex comedies in your local library. Worth a watch.

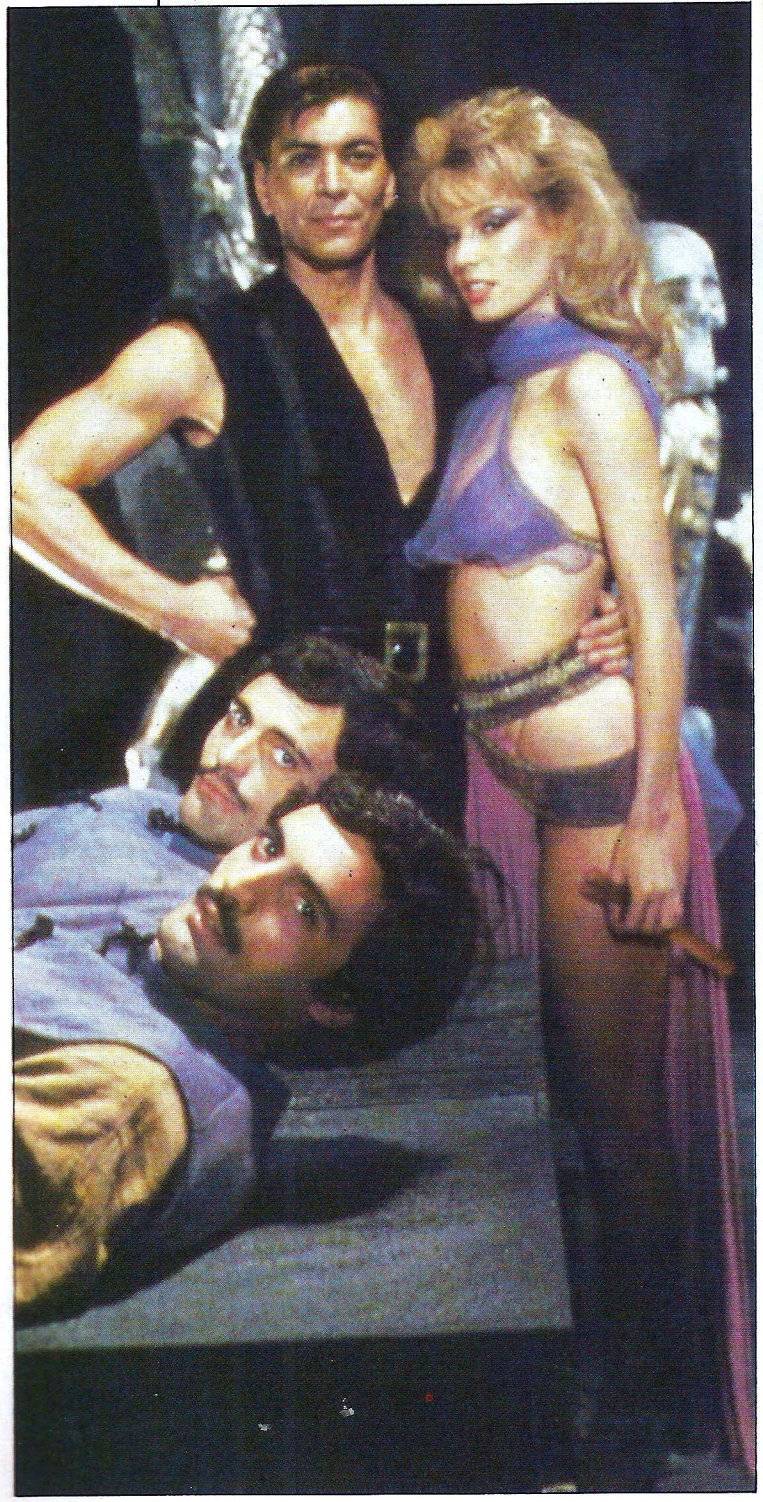
If you imagined that the first *Deathstalker* video was a spoof, wait until you see the sequel. **Deathstalker 2** *(New Dimension)* plays it strictly for laughs all the way. The out-takes shown over the closing titles are certainly funny, but are they all that different from the stuff that was actually supposed to be in the script?

John Terlesky plays the sword-wielding hero this time. He helps out a pretty but wretchedly-dressed girl, Evie, who is being knocked around by some obnoxious soldiers. In return she, as a seer, tells his future – a destiny which involves him battling with the evil sorcerer Jerak to restore a princess to her throne.

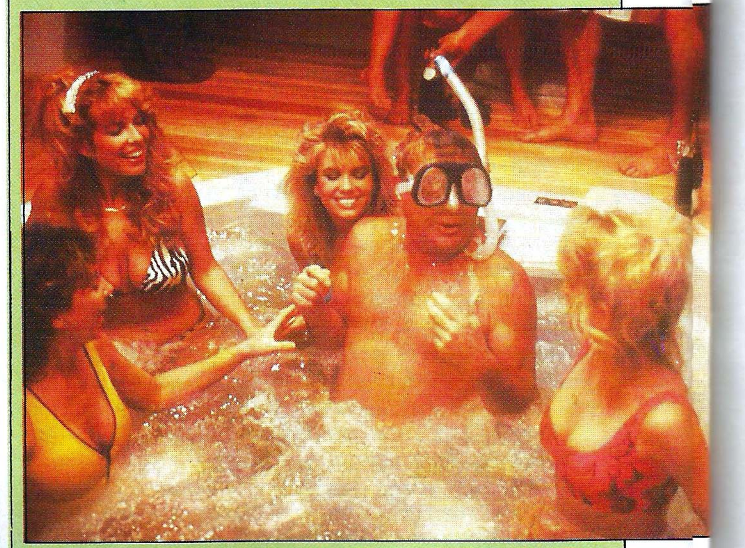
Tempted by the prospective reward, Deathstalker journeys with the waif to the abused kingdom, and *en route* they must face a gang of hired assassins, a mob of zombies and a tribe of Amazons – where our hero must fight for his life in a wrestling-match to the death with the Amazon champion, a fearsome woman played by real-life US grappler Queen Kong. In a real fight, I don't think the actor would have lived.

It's not giving too much away, since the whole story is so bloody silly, to reveal that the wicked sorcerer has put a clone princess on the throne, and the real heir is closer to Deathstalker than he imagines. One to slip into the VCR on a Saturday night, as long as you've guzzled down a gallon or so beforehand.

Martyn Lester



Video Of The Month



Back To School *(RAC/Columbia)* has the kind of a sleeve – straight from the cinema posters – which makes anyone who has to watch a couple of dozen videos a month cringe visibly.

"Oh God," you groan, "not only another campus comedy, but one starring a comedian in his fifties..." Do not be put off; behind the yucky artwork lies one of the year's comedy crackers.

Thornton Melon is a self-made rag-Trade magnate, specializing in outside clientele through his uncompromisingly named Tall and Fat stores. Melon never got a proper education, but at least he's making sure his son Jason has the opportunity.

Jason is a campus golden boy, or so Thornton thinks. But when Melon Senior pays a surprise visit, he finds that far from being a star of the diving team, the kid is a towel boy. Not only that, he's flunking studies and is ready to drop out.

To encourage his son to stay, Thornton decides to sign on as a freshman himself. The fact that he can't fulfil the entry qualifications is soon got around when Melon bribes the Dean with a donation to build a new wing. The 'money buys everything' attitude extends to the 57-year-old's coursework, too. Melon hires experts from IBM and NASA to do his homework for him.

Trouble must strike, though, and it comes in the shape of the staff smelling a rat regarding Thornton's work and demanding he sits an oral examination. Can he learn the work in only a couple of days...?

*Back To School*is perfectly cast across the board. Keith Gordon of *Christine* is sympathetic but not over-heroic as Jason; romantic interest comes in the form of vaguely Brook Shields-ish Terry Farrell and Sally Kellerman – she played Hotlips Houlihan in the original film version of *M*A*S*H*.

But what makes the film is the lead performance by middle-aged American stand-up commedian Rodney Dangerfield – a splendid mixture of irresistable good-naturedness and very snappy one-liners indeed. Dangerfield holds almost cult status in the US – even Ronnie Reagan is a fan – but hasn't yet cracked it over here. If you saw and disliked his previous video *Easy Money*, cast the experience from your mind. *In Back To School* he has 'star' written all over him.

Martyn Lester

Records

Greensleeves Sampler *(Greensleeves)* is a budget priced twelve track album of reggae by various artists whose other material is also available on the Greensleeves label.

Dennis Brown's "Crazy List" is an excellent opener and foretaster – that rhythm, that voice – phenomenal. The standard is maintained by the likes of Gregory Issacs, Burning Spear, and Yellowman. Other tracks are by: Sugar Minott, Wailing Souls,, Eek-A-Mouse, Clint Eastwood and General Saint, Black Uhuru, Frankie Paul, Hugh Mundell, and Scientist.It's all solid stuff. Worth searching out to chase away the British winter. Sling it on the turntable, relax, pour yourself a white rum, close your eyes, grow mellow and you'll happily relive and visualize those lazy, hazy summer days with temperatures up in the nineties. For £2.99 that's not bad, and if the lyrics raise your consciousness too, that's an added bonus.

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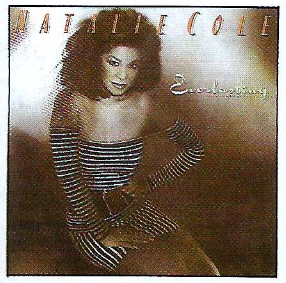
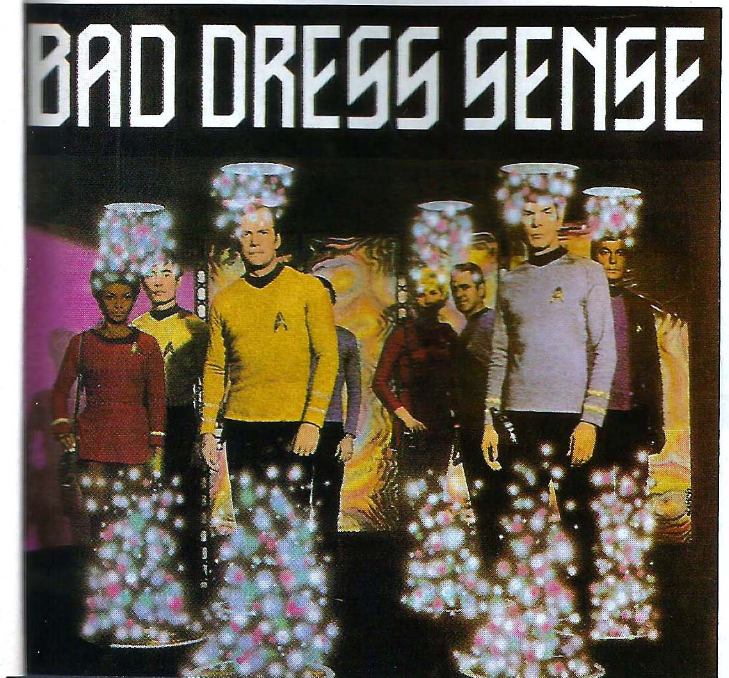
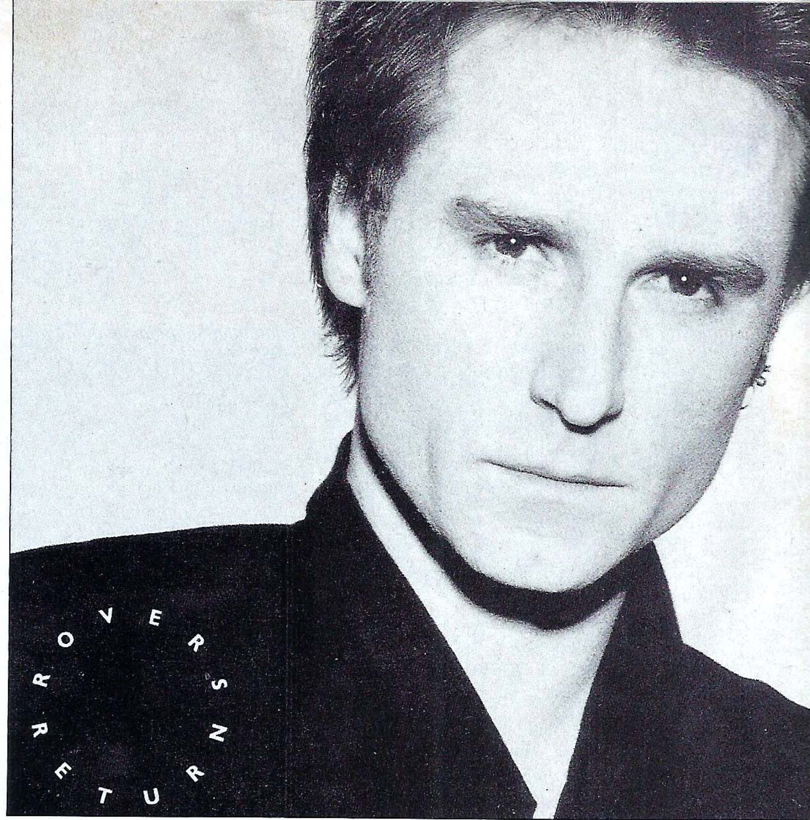
WAILING SOULS
HUGH MUNDELL

A long way from the Caribbean is **Bad Dress Sense** – an eponymous album out on *Vinyl Solution*. Heavy lobotomized post-punk riffs and matching vocals contrive to mask some lyrically interesting (sentimental even!) songs. Be careful not to get caught out – this one's for playing at 45 r.p.m. – it doesn't benefit at all from a slower playing speed.

As if it wasn't bad enough that Nat King Cole himself was a singer...guess what? Yup, his second oldest daughter – Natalie Cole – is a singer too. In July she released a single by the name of "Jump Start" which, you will doubtless recall, was in every important respect dire. The single is, I'm afraid, also on her *Manhattan* LP: **Everlasting**. The production is harsh, the songs bland. The overall effect is of automaton produced muzak unhindered by contact with anything remotely human. Computer controlled rhythm, sampler controlled sounds and a robotic voice box stuck on singles chart fodder overdrive – I don't like it. But, judging by the public appetite for anaesthesia in this era of Madonna, Terence Trent D'Arby, Bananarama and Mel and Kim, it should do well.



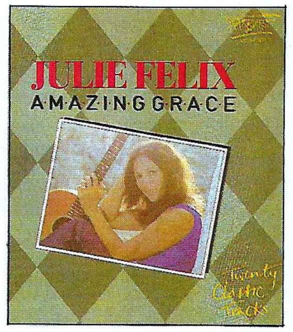




My first reaction on giving **Rovers Return** *(EMI America)* a spin was to gulp loudly. This reaction was brought about by the power chord opening redolent of Yankee MOR rock a la Springsteen, Young and Zevon. Fortunately, my panic was soon laid to rest – this is superior stuff.

John Waite comes from Lancaster in the good old UK, not that there's much typically English about the Album – apart from the title of course. For some obscure reason Coronation Street is one of Waites favourite programmes.

The sound of *Rovers Return* is pounding, repetitive, relentless and driving – but in the same way that surf is, rather than in the manner of a nervous headache. Always bouncy, John McCurrey's guitar playing and effects are outstanding. One track in particular, "Woman's Touch", is sublime – electric blues at its most soul gripping. The rest of the material is eminently listenable too. My only real complaint about the whole project is the song themes, they're a bit wet – all this stuff about unrequited love...



Hah! Julie Felix? This is more like it. **Amazing Grace** *(Meteor)* is a twenty track collection of classic songs – according to the cover.This album has it all, from a reggae version of Dylan's "Man Gave Names to All The Animals" through "Going To The Zoo" (at last, my kids know what I'm on about when I burst into song...we're going to the zoo, zoo, zoo/how about you, you, you?).

Other attractions include: Blowin' In The Wind", "Vincent","Where Have All The Flowers Gone?" (sung in dago too!). "Soldier Of The Sixties"...and many, many more.

Words cannot speak too highly of this collection. New Country? – stick it. Heavy Metal? – long may it rot. Soul Music? – do me a favour. Dance music? – fuck off. Give me Julie Felix belting out "El Condor Pasa", "San Francisco", "Tambourine Man" (the full version too – none of this well-we-can-do-the-first-coupla-verses-squire approach adopted by the likes of The Byrds), or "Scarborough Fair" anyday. And as for the bagpipes in "Amazing Grace" – brilliant, bloody brilliant.

Andy Oldfield

Record Of The Month

MARIANNE FAITHFULL
STRANGE WEATHER

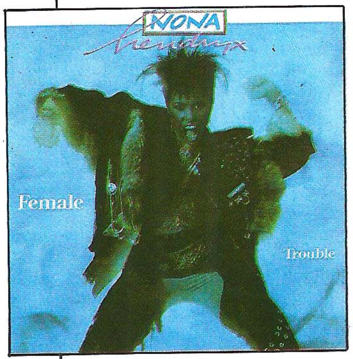
Marianne Faithfull — very much a sixties survivor — has been quiet for some years until the release of her latest album **Strange Weather** *(Island)*. Produced by Hal Willner, responsible for the recent Kurt Weill tribute album *Lost In The Stars*, this is a sumptuous, luxurious surprise. If all you know of Marianne Faithfull's music is her sixties hit 'As Tears Go By' then the surprise will be great indeed, for *Strange Weather* is a collection of songs of intense depth and feeling, of assured self-belief and of fascinating musical variety.

The range of songs covered make clear the scope of this record: Billie Holiday's 'Yesterday', Dinah Washington's 'Stranger on Earth', Dr John's 'Hello Stranger', Tom Waits' title track, Bob Dylan's 'I'll Keep It With Mine' and Leadbelly's 'I Ain't Goin' Down To The Well No More', which dates from 1936. Jazz, blues, soul and everything in between, the fabulous Faithfull voice can do justice to and occasionally surpass the originals, while at the same time stamping her own distinctive mark on the songs. There's even a new version of the Jagger/Richards/Oldham song 'As Tears Go By' — which boasts an authority and emotion which puts the shallow original into perspective. Music for the heart and mind, from a talent that should be cherished.

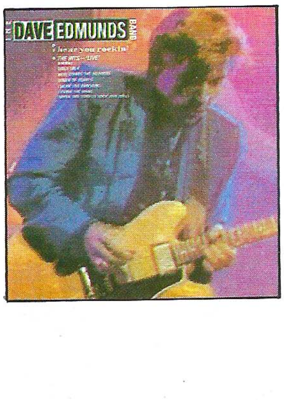
Rupert Metcalf

Marillion's fifth album **Clutching At Straws** *(EMI)* is really little more than the tale of Fish-on-the-Road. Fish, the lead singer who sounds more and more like Phil Collins, has even informed us exactly which bar, hotel, club or trans-USA flight was the location for the composition of each song — most of which deal with the perils and pleasures of drink, drugs and girls on the concert circuit. If this sounds old-fashioned, you're right. The music sounds like a fusion of various Seventies super groups, too; although the Eighties emphasis on brevity and economy means that Seventies-style instrumental excesses are fortunately absent. The tunes sound catchily pleasant, the guitars sound suitably macho, all very efficient and enjoyable in a slightly hollow fashion. File under 'more of the same'.

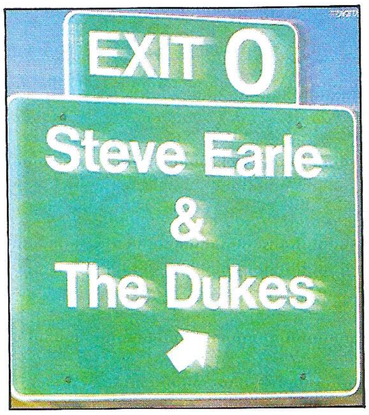
Nona Hendryx, once the leading lady of Labelle, has assembled a fine supporting cast for her latest solo album **Female Trouble** *(EMI)*. There's a song by Prince 'Baby Go-Go' and guest appearances come from Peter Gabriel, Dan Hartman and George Clinton amongst others. Above average soul/funk is what you expect and that's what you get. 'Drive Me Wild' and 'Rhythm Of Change', two fine uptempo R&B numbers close each side, but the stand-out track is 'Winds of Change', a poignant and passionate song about the plight of Nelson and Winnie Mandela in South Africa. Gabriel shares the vocals here, it's the best moment of a patchy but entertaining album.



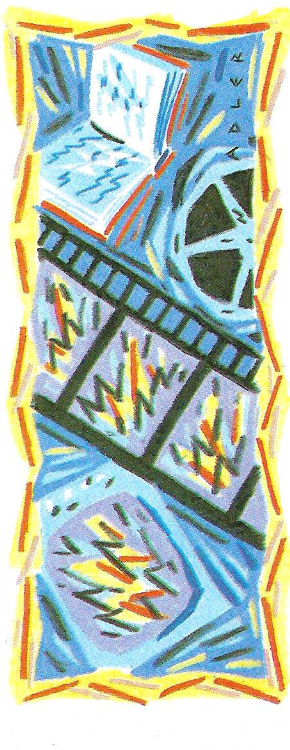
I Hear You Rockin' — The Hits Live *(Arista)*, the latest album by Dave Edmunds, is a predictable but highly enjoyable collection of live recordings of his best known songs. Hear the Welsh answer to Chuck Berry romp his way through the likes of 'I Knew The Bride', 'Girls' Talk', 'Crawling From The Wreckage', 'I Hear You Knocking' and 'Here Comes The Weekend'. Subtle it might not be, but this guy knows the classic rock and roll revival business like few others do.



Steve Earle has come in for more that his fair share of stick over **Exit Zero** *(MCA)*, his second album and follow-up to the much-praised 'new country music' debut *Guitar Town*. The critics have claimed that it sounds as though it was recorded before Steve had anything to record, in the rush to get the LP into the shops, that it sounds cliched and unoriginal, that he is trying to be Bruce Springsteen and failing dismally. Well, it may not be as good as the first LP but that doesn't mean that it's no good! 'Nowhere Road is a fine, strident opener, 'San Antonio Girl' and 'The Rain Came Down' both show Earle at something like his best, while the ballad 'It's All Up To You' works well. Maybe the guy is trying to do something different instead of producing *Guitar Town 2*. Worth a listen — no matter what they say.



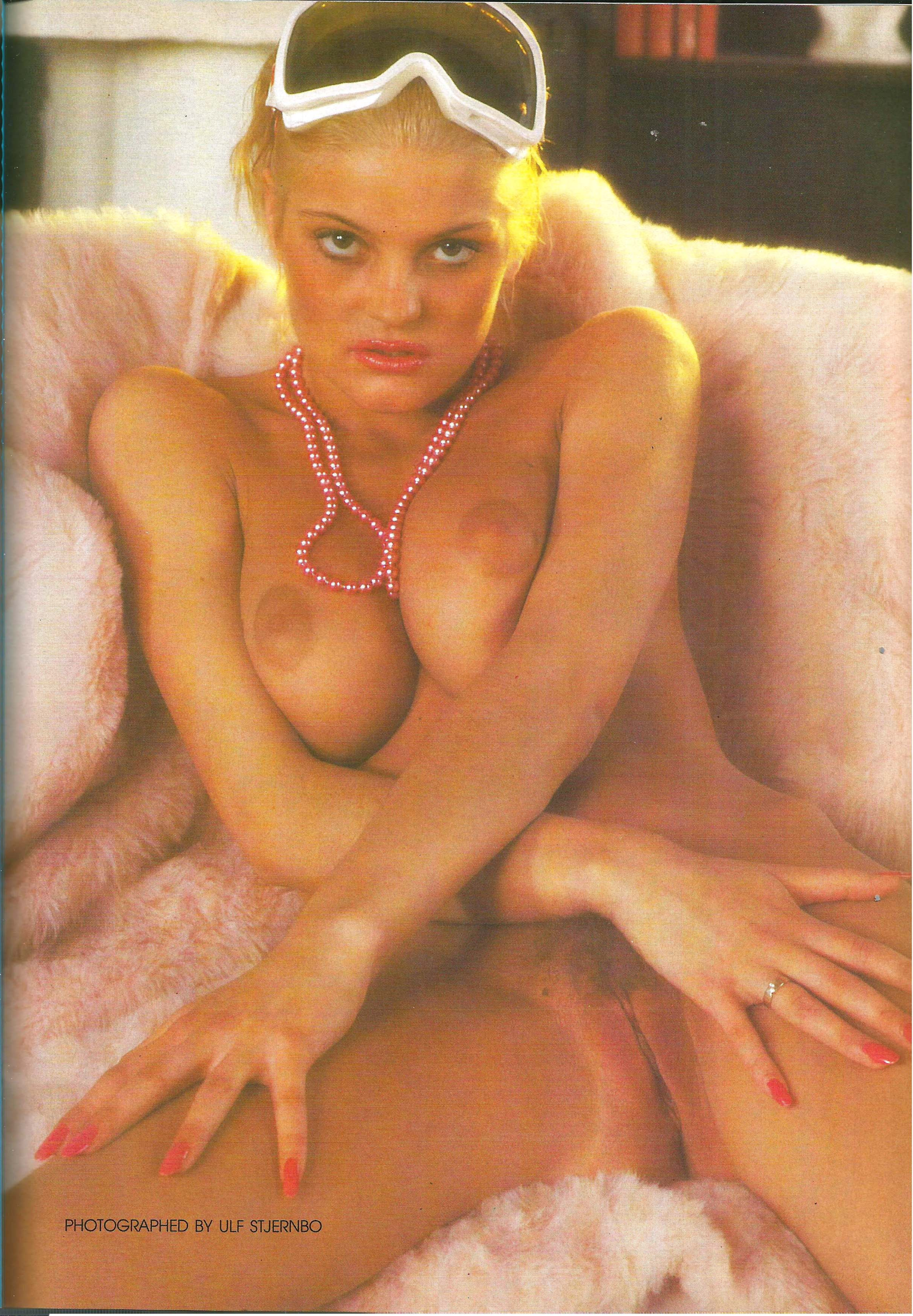
Rupert Metcalf



ROSSIGNOL
TECNO PRO

SCARLET

All right, this is more like it. Ski goggles, ski suits and bloody skis. Pretty bloody wintry, yeah? No need for arcane explanations as to why this one's in the Christmas issue. So down to business: Scarlett, amazingly enough, had scarlet fever once, but made a full and remarkable recovery. By a staggering coincidence, I also had scarlet fever (the rash is such a pretty festive colour) as a callow youth. My own recovery was also complete and fairly miraculous. So, what with one thing and another, me and Scarlett had a lot to talk about in bed afterwards, the trouble is that by the time we'd finished introducing ourselves all the poor girl could do was sleep!



PHOTOGRAPHED BY ULF STJERNBO

ROSSIGNOL
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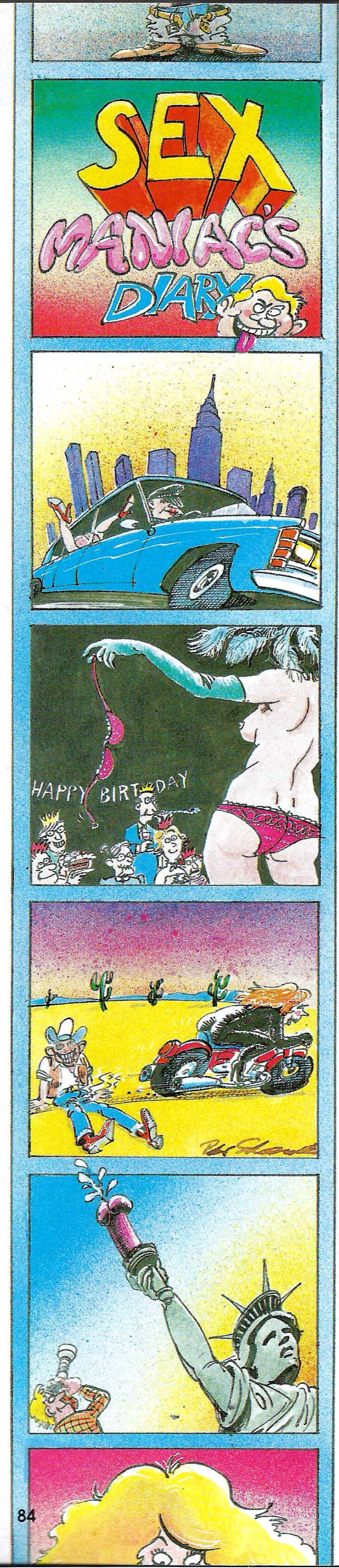


TUPPY OWENS is the creator, author and driving force behind "The Sex Maniac's Diary." A lot of research and travel goes into producing the diary. Month by month, Tuppy tells Knave readers what she gets up to in: THE SECRETS OF THE SEX MANIAC'S DIARY!

If all you want for Christmas is two front teeth wrapped around your glans corona, my big question to you is: will you get it? Will your mates do a whip-round to pay for a gift-wrapped fellatrice? Or will your sister fork out and give you a Vulgarity Voucher?

Rarely do friends give each other paid-sex as a present. I do it more than most and I normally find that the recipient is over the moon with appreciation, but on the other hand, such set-ups can sometimes misfire. Certainly, we're pretty limited in what we *can* buy for friends in this sexually draconian land — stripograms are about our limit.

However, the *Sex Maniac's Diary* tells you all that's available: I list the best agencies where you can hire sexual performers and hundreds of strip clubs, erotic hotels and places to buy fun. If you want a regular update, you can now dial the Sex Maniac's phone-line and find out the latest sexual bargains.

There's not enough space in the little Diary for me to go into the nitty gritty of what you might expect to find in any of these joints, so I'll give you the best Christmas present I can, by offering you juicy descriptions, to inspire you to swap that book token from Aunty Nell for a crisp fiver and get down to your nearest hot house and enjoy a seasonal erection.

The most incredible sex show I ever saw in my life was last Christmas, in fact, in Rio. Being in Brazil is like living in the Bugsy Malone movie because almost half the population is under 21, and the kids do as they want, flirting all over the place. So by the time they're grown up, they certainly know how to perform! There are about 15 live fuck-show night clubs in Rio, perhaps the best being the New Munich. It has a nightly show of pretty girls gyrating on the stage. Then you get to see real fucking: two couples perform for twenty minutes to music.

What finally stunned me (sitting in the front row, eyes agog) towards the end of the music tape was how the penises were removed from the pussies and the ejaculation were shot — almost as if the spurts kept in time to the beat, and the final dribble came on the final bar! These performers manage to do this *every* night to a cosy crowd of spectators. So fellows, if you think you might be the most stylish fuck in the world, now you know what control really means!

"I'll give you the best Christmas idea that I can. Swap that book token from Aunty Nell for a crisp fiver and get down to your nearest hot house and enjoy a seasonal erection."

Not everyone wants to watch another couple poking, and most sex shows are performed by women alone. They're usually called strippers but sometimes they prefer to be called burlesque dancers or erotic performers. I've met a few of these girls since I started writing the *Sex Maniac's Diary* — Honeysuckle Divine being the zaniest — she swept the stage with a broom up her cunt then gave presents to the men who appreciated her act most warmly.

Mitchell Brothers
O'FARRELL
THEATRE

Entering the portals of San Francisco's erotic hot-spot.

Tuppy down Rio way.

One of the most popular ladies in the past few years is Aunt Peg — or Juliet Anderson which is her real name — Aunt Peg being a very successful part she played in many porno movies. She recently earned $1,200 in one evening from tips by stripping at New York's Show World Center, and she's been a headliner at all the top joints across North America.

Her favourite strip place is the O'Farrell Theatre in San Francisco. I went there recently and it is quite the most civilized erotic emporium in the world. The foyer is like a plush West End cinema's, selling chocs, fags, postcards, porno videos and vibrators. You buy tickets for whatever theatre you wish, and if you're lucky you'll get into the ever-popular Kopenhagen Room. This is a small room on the ground floor where each member of the audience has a red-shining torch and when the ladies arrive, the lights go out and the hanky-panky begins only visible by narrow red beams of light.

The main theatre is huge with tiered seating and the stage is videoed by cameras on every side so you can watch each angle of the seductive strip-tease dancer on screens above the stage. While she performs, other pretty girls in pastel coloured waspies buzz around the men sitting in the audience doing 'lap dancing' — brushing against men's bulging crotches with their frilly knickers and allowing lecherous palms to cup their bosoms. You pay $1 a minute for a lap dance.

Tuppy (right). Honeysuckle Divine (left). Unidentified foodstuff (centre).

"The girls rub their pussies against the faces in the audience."

The O'Farrell's got a blue movie theatre with large comfortable seating, usually showing the very latest hot movie and then there's the smallest room of all: the Arena. The Arena contains a kind of monkey cage and girls frolic along the rungs whilst the audience stand outside the cage like children at the zoo. The girls rub their pussies against the faces in the audience, allowing tits to be grabbed then they prance away and scramble round to new, eager eyes.

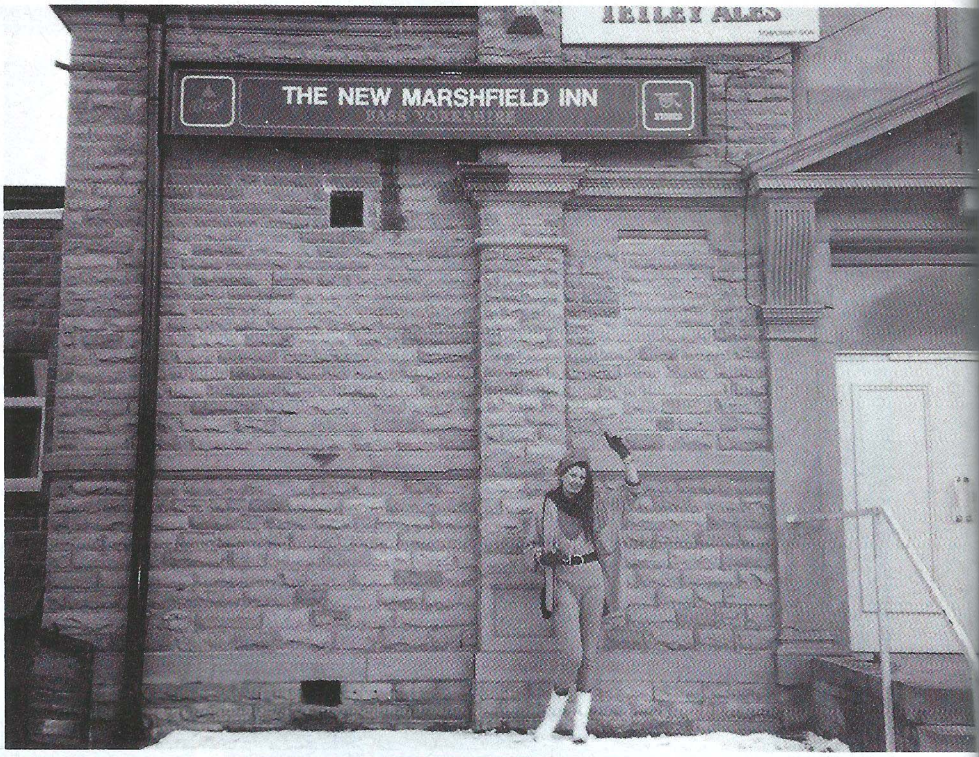
Juliet was right about her recommendation. Interestingly, she told me she enjoys working *most* of all in places where there's most sexual repression and the laws are strict, like at Jason's just outside Toronto. Here, the girls are not allowed to touch the audience but they stand on boxes just in front of men's faces and bump and grind half an inch from their noses. When a guy has come in his pants she moves on. You can cut the sexual energy with a knife! Girls here make $200-300 a day in tips and you only see the most stunning looking ladies. Jason's has a queue of men waiting around the block, day and night!

On the subject of not touching, I expect you've all had the frustrating experience of watching booth babies. Soho peep shows allow you to peep through a glass window and watch a tawdry looking bored chick sidle around in her undies, whilst other might be watching through other windows. These places are okay for a laugh if you're short on laughs but don't go there for a wank, especially if you're short of cash because the screen will come down when your money runs out, which is within seconds of putting a coin in the slot. Unless you manage to develop premature ejaculation techniques (which we girls won't love you for later on when you get home) or have a pocket full of change, the London peep show will drive you mad with frustration.

"They converse by phone. Meanwhile he gets his dick out and splashes the partition, then it's hosed down ready for the next guy."

They'd never tolerate that pathetic con in the States. There, you get one-to-one booths — the girl and the customer in one booth, with a glass partition in between. They converse by telephone and he tells her his fantasy and she acts it out. She cannot talk back — only obey. Meanwhile he gets his dick out and spashes the partition, then it's hosed down ready for the next guy.

Telephone sex is illegal in the UK which is exasperating because it does provide safe and intimate relief for the horny man with no sexual partner and strong urges to get close to a woman, if only for a few minutes over the phone. When I was in Amsterdam last summer, I discovered a breakthrough in the history of telephone sex — for one hour every week, pirate radio (band 100 at midnight on Monday morning) runs a phone-in wank show. When I dialed their number they invited me to come on the show so I skidded straight off on my borrowed Dutch bicycle. *En route*, I saw a police car, got the British guilty eeby-jeebies, forgot that Dutch bikes have the breaks on the peddles and landed prettily on the police car's bonnet. The police man and the police woman sitting in the car simply smiled at me and so I climbed off and was once again speeding towards the disused bank vault where the radio station is hidden.



It's not all glamour and jet-setting. This is Bradford, where life is tough and the strippers are even tougher.

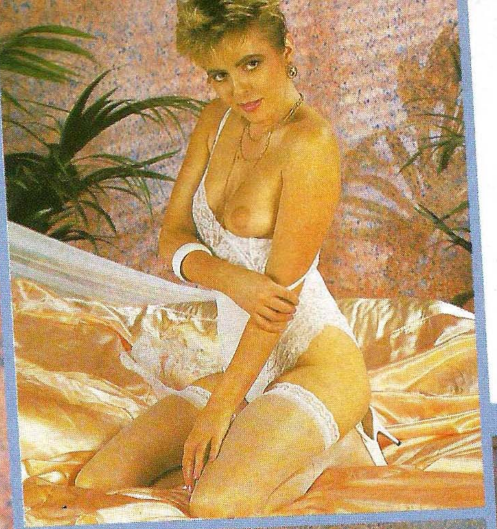
Do you get the picture? One guy phones in, talks to the lady in the radio station (the lovely Cora, actually, except the unlucky fellow that night who got me instead). They get into wild and wonderful fantasies and he'll usually tell everyone listening what he's doing with his cock. He can take as long as he likes and you can sense his ascending excitement and then hear him sighing and panting as he comes. Nobody knows what proportion of the population of Holland are sitting tuned in at home, fingers in unison and groaning softly into the carpet.

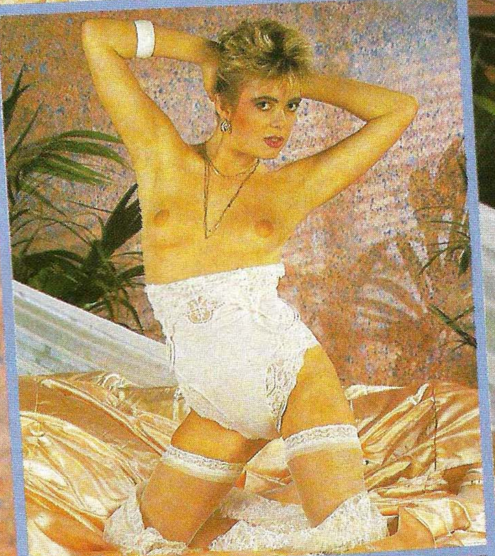
The producer of this radio show is Willem de Ridder, a pioneer in sexual performance who runs a regular Sunday afternoon tea dance with live sex shows in the Roxy in Amsterdam. He also holds an annual Venus Festival which is a celebration of the top erotic performers from around the world. The first festival was in November and specialized in female performance artists. Of course, I was there.

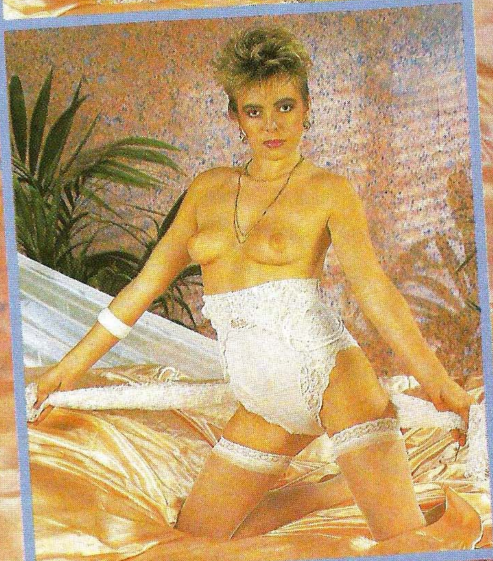
Enough of abroad! Those of you who are reading this mag on the bus from Hartlepool power station to the bottom of Oxey Road, for example, must once again be groaning that I never write anything relevant and you'll probably be relieved when this column, telling you about all the things that are too far away for you to enjoy, comes to its rightful end. Well, I know I don't need to tell you to get spruced up and head for Foxes for a steamy night, or the Corporation Club on Sundays, which isn't 'ellish but is the best in town. The Diary tells its readers all this but, you see, the shows in Britain leave more to the imagination and have much less action for me to write about!

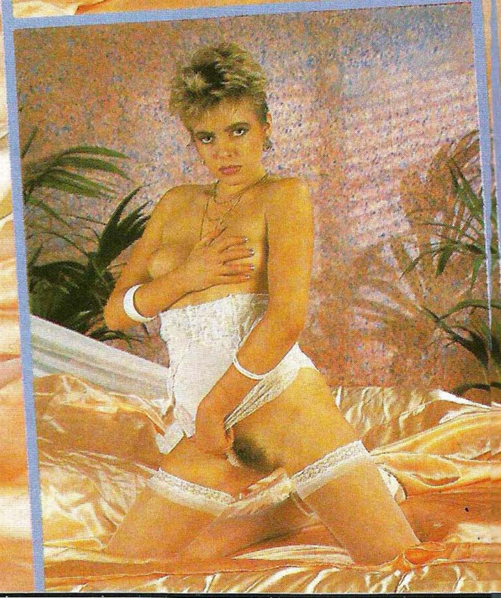
What is quite unusual about the strippers in the North of England is the way they appear to be running a constant battle with their audience. I've seen more men injured by strippers in Bradford than I've gobbled Yorkshire puddings. One lively young lady I watched in The New Marchfield Inn sprinkled mounds of talcum powder on her breasts, sauntered over to an unsuspecting fellow, plonked one nipple in his mouth then blew a big puff of breath so that the powder shot straight in his eyes and blinded him for the rest of the lunchtime.

I hear the latest craze in America is Water pistol strip shows — the guys in the audience shoot the girls, presumably aiming at their erogenous zones. I suppose if you're not going to get to touch her at all, a water pistol is one way of reaching out. I can't help feeling how much sweeter it was in the old days when Honeysuckle hugged her fans in the audience and gave them gifts. She was the Mummy-Christmas of sex. Happy Christmas Honeysuckle, wherever you are, and the same to all you Knave readers out there!





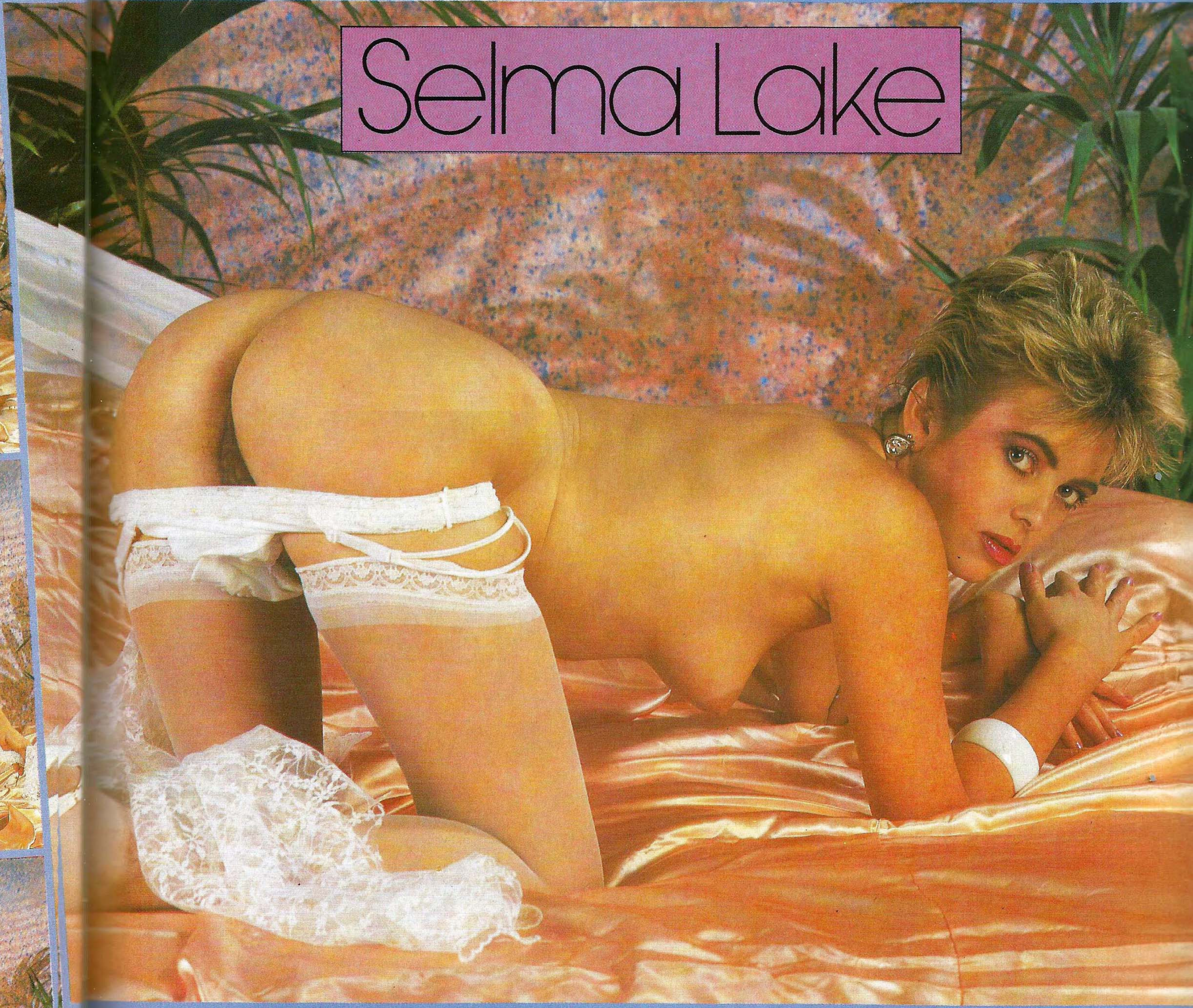




AMATEUR MODEL

A lot of girls do it – how about you? If you want to become one of our Amateur Models, fill in the form at the end of this feature and send us some rude photos of yourself. Polaroids will do, at least two completely nude – front and back view.

Selma Lake



This is it. The big one. Five whole girl sets have gone in this issue and I haven't once explored the this-girl's-wearing-stockings-how-about-a-tenuous-link-with-Christmas-stockings-just-to-cheer-the-Editor-up-and-remind-everyone-that-it-really-is-Christmas line of reasoning. Here goes . . .

Hey everybody, how would you like to wake up on Christmas morning and find a stocking filler like lovely Selma Lake, this month's amazing Amateur Model, gracing your bed sheets? Answers on a postcard please . . .

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAMES FREEMAN

TO: KNAVE AMATEUR MODEL FEATURE, P.O. BOX 312, WITHAM, ESSEX CM8 3SZ.

WANTED — A star for a day! GIRLS — do you think you could be Amateur Model of the Month in Knave? GUYS — do you know a girl who would like to model for Knave? Yes? If so, send us some colour prints or polaroids — preferably fully nude — plus the completed form. We choose the girls we like, and invite them to our Studio in Essex for an enjoyable day out modelling for Knave, with a professional photographer behind the camera and a make-up stylist to make our girls look their best. We pay each Amateur Model £200 for their modelling session — and £25 goes to the photographer who sends us their pictures. Girls are eligible for our Amateur Model feature as long as they have not previously appeared in Knave, Fiesta or any other mens' magazine.

MODEL'S NAME ....
ADDRESS..
....
DAYTIME TEL. NO. ....
DATE OF BIRTH ....
SIGNATURE ....

PHOTOGRAPHER'S NAME..
ADDRESS..
....
DAYTIME TEL. NO. ....
DATE PHOTOS TAKEN..
SIGNATURE ....

DIRE STRAITS

Inside every male chauvinist pig there’s a sexist struggling to get out. At least, that’s the popular wisdom. Through the medium of the short story STEPHEN DENMAN sets out to explore the truth behind the truism.

“Hic,” Brian hiccupped.

“You know the best way to get rid of hiccups?” said Geoff.

We were in the Red Lion, and it was getting close to closing time. Geoff was waxing lyrical, as was fairly normal for this stage of an impromptu Thursday booze-up. Brian was past waxing lyrical and more into hiccups.

“I’ll tell you the best way to get rid of hiccups,” Geoff said. He slurred the end of the sentence and punctuated his oratory with a meaningful pull at his pint, we were all ears.

“The best way to get rid of hiccups,” said Geoff, “is to get yourself blindfolded in a room full of naked women, and try to guess which one of them is sucking your cock. Never fails. Gets rid of hiccups every time.”

“Hic,” said Brian.

I groaned at Geoff’s wonderful wisdom and then cleverly suppressed my next giggle in the remains of my penultimate pint. That’s what happens to me when it’s ten to eleven and I set out to take the dog round the block at seven thirty. I’d say it’s a personality trait betraying a certain nervousness of character, perhaps even emotional instability, or maybe it’s just the booze.

Alf rang last orders, and we all rushed to down whatever was left of our pints and thrust our empty glasses at Doreen.

“What do you think, Doreen?” asked Geoff.

“Think about what?” she asked innocently. Doreen has that quality of innocence possessed only by single women and other men’s wives. Perhaps it’s that which causes all the delicious fantasies that litter our conversation so freely; or again, maybe it’s just the booze.

“About getting yourself blindfolded in a room full of naked women and guessing who’s giving you a blow job. That ought to cure hiccups, right?”

“Never worked for me,” she said, “and what I think is that you piss artists ought to spend less time in here financing the brewery, and more time at home looking after your wives. Then you could do less talking about blow jobs and more getting them.”

“Hic,” said Brian.

There comes a time in every evening when you know it has to end. Just how that moment comes about, and how you feel about its arrival, depends pretty largely on how you got things started in the first place. I mean, how was I to know, when me and Rover set out at half past seven, that I’d be just passing the Red Lion

DIRE STRAITS *continued from previous page*

when Geoff bumped into me with the fiver he'd borrowed yesterday? And how could either of us have guessed, when we stepped in for that single quick one, that Brian would have been doing a spot of overtime and stopped in for a relaxer on the way home? Like I said, it was one of those impromptu affairs that can happen to a chap anytime, quite beyond his control. It was just the fact that it was the third time this week that this particular set of unforeseen circumstances had occurred that made me the tiniest bit apprehensive about facing Margaret — wives don't always see things in perspective. At least I'd already eaten my tea so I couldn't get it thrown at me. Brian might not be so lucky.

I admit to a feeling of trepidation as we trekked out into the rain, though it was trepidation somewhat dulled by the false sense of security that seven or eight pints can give a man. However powerful the feeling though, it could have done nothing to prepare us for what was to come. Rain sleeted from the low sky, bouncing from the pavement in a sheen of dancing drops, making haloes round the yellow street lamps. Lightning flashed, and it couldn't have been further away than the end of the street because the flash and the thunder seemed to come at the same time. The second flash must have been right on top of us, because I was suddenly aware of Rover's lead in my hand, the other end still smoking where it was burned off about half way down, and all around us was a sort of white mist, I heard myself giggle in my nervous little way, and then Brian hiccuped and Geoff staggered into us, and we were all three of us falling through space. We never hit the bottom.

"She's blonde, of course, even for a barmaid. All in all, I'd say you could describe her as the kind of girl you'd like to take out of a leather cat-suit."

It seemed like any normal hospital room, only we three were the only ones in it. Me in one bed and Brian and Geoff in the beds on either side, and all the others empty. The next thing was the whiteness, the walls and the floors and the ceiling all white, the sheets were impossibly white. There were even white roses in white plastic vases beside each of our beds. Then the white swing doors at the end of the ward opened, and two identical Doreens marched through in starched white coats, and I knew for certain that something was wrong.

Have you ever noticed how hospitals smell? Not the antiseptic smell I mean, though that's bad enough. I mean the sort of used smell of the air, like you get in the tube — every breath you take is one that somebody else has had before you. Well, this hopsital wasn't like that. Even with all the windows shut and not the hum of a fan anywhere, there was a sort of freshness about the place. There was absolute silence too, apart from the noises we made, so when Doreen and Doreen came stepping down the ward their heels clicked frighteningly. They got to Geoff first. Doreen picked up the clipboard from the end of his bed and held it out for Doreen to read. They pursed their lips and tut-tutted together and then glanced up from the chart to tut-tut at Geoff. Doreen shook her head from side to side in a sad sort of gesture, and we could all see it was serious. "Sad cases," said Doreen, looking back at the chart.

"Possibly terminal," Doreen agreed.

"They're all infected, of course," said Doreen, "but this is one of the worst I've ever seen."

"We can only hope we've got to him in time," added Doreen, shaking her head again.

"I'm afraid this is extremely serious," Doreen told him. With one hand she felt his pulse, and with the other mopped his sweating brow.

"There's no use keeping it back from you," said Doreen, "you're suffering from a chronic case of male chauvinism. Your only chance is a strenuous course of female control."

"But so long as we start immediately," added Doreen, "the prognosis is reasonably good."

Now perhaps, before I go any further with this, I ought to tell you something about Doreen. She's a large girl, statuesque some might say, but there's nothing of her spare, if you know what I mean. She's blonde, of course, even for a barmaid, and she has lovely double handful tits just designed to put great big sticky out nipples on the end of, and the longest, smoothest legs you ever saw sticking out of a mini-skirt. The fact that she's two inches taller than the average man doesn't detract from it a bit, just makes it easier to squint down her front when she's bending over the pump handle. All in all, I'd say you could describe her as the kind of girl you'd like to take out of a leather cat-suit.

Doreen peeled off her white coat, and underneath was a scarlet basque with black lace trimmings. The top wasn't so much a bra as a shelf for her tits to rest on, and her little lace panties were all pulled up into shaved cunt lips. Doreen followed suit, to reveal a neoprene wetsuit with a zipped up crutch and two cutaway holes that her boobs stuck out through. Her nipples were rouged crimson and you could see little wisps of pubic fuzz caught through her zip. From the look on Geoff's face, I'd say he was terrified. From the look on their faces, I'd say I'd be too.

"Wives do not always see things in perspective."

Geoff struggled manfully, I'll say that for him, but there was really no contest. "Now, you little shit," said wetsuit Doreen as she unzipped her fanny and squatted over his face. "Now you snivelling little arsehole of a man, now you're going to lick cunt like you never licked cunt before."

With an enthusiasm I could only admire, will always admire until my dying day, Geoff licked cunt. It seemed an age until wetsuit Doreen finished with her screaming orgasm, and an age again while basque Doreen took her turn on his bobbing head, but then, when we thought it over, first one Doreen and then the other climbed aboard. When they'd finished, they did it all again, and again. It was inevitable that Geoff's tongue couldn't cope. He

DIRE STRAITS *continued from previous page* •

screamed for them to stop, he cried for an end to his torment, but the heartless Doreens continued to abuse him. He was a broken man.

There are those instances in life when you know that whatever you have done it was not good enough, and however hard you try to make amends it will not be sufficient. Eventually wetsuit Doreen and basque Doreen finished with Geoff and left his bed to come on to mine, collecting my clipboard on the way. They stood over me, damp from their recent orgasms, and they read me and my chart as if it were my life laid out before them and they were preparing a precis for St. Peter.

It wasn't me, I wanted to say, I'm only a looker. All I ever did was have the odd pint of beer too many. I never made those comments about your bum or tried to peep down your dress like those others. Well, not often; not as often as some; only when I was drunk.

"It was Rover snuffling at my ear that finally caught my attention."

"A complex case," said Doreen, frowning at the chart. "Not so much a simple case of chauvinism, though he's certainly been exposed, more a general lack of empathy I'd say."

"Yes," added Doreen, "if he were just able to understand a little more of the feelings of others, I believe we'd be able to help him."

"I suppose we'd better test his reflexes," said Doreen, Doreen agreed.

I could do nothing to prevent them pulling the sheet from me, and I was naked, my prick all shrivelled and pink.

"Try sucking it," said wetsuit Doreen, and basque Doreen gently took my cock in her mouth, and surprisingly enough it was quite pleasant.

"It seems to be working," said basque Doreen, "try putting one of your nipples in his mouth." Strangely, that was quite pleasant too.

"There," said wetsuit Doreen, "his reflexes are working quite well," and sure enough my prick felt like a rock in a warm cave.

I knew there had to be some catch, some fly in the ointment so to speak, as at one end Doreen's lips caressed me and at the other her blood red nipple nestled in my mouth, but try as I might I couldn't seem to care.

"Now the treatment," I seemed to hear Doreen say through my haze of well-being. "Time for him to fuck his own wife."

I tried to protest, of course; tried to explain about justice and the quality of mercy, and how I'd never done anything so heinous as to warrant so extreme a penalty, but it was no good. In a green overall Margaret walked down the line of empty beds, soft shoes almost silent on the shiny, white floor. I struggled as she reached me, but the Doreens easily held me down. It seemed like slow motion as the coat slid to the floor and Margaret stood naked by my bed, seemed an eternity that she took sliding under the sheet beside me. And try as I might, I couldn't make that awful erection go away, couldn't stop it driving me on, forcing me to clamber on top of her, to . . . to . . .

No! I thought, you're not doing this. They've drugged you; it's the pre-med; it's not your fault. But by then I was lost in the obscenity of it, driven by the insatiable ecstasy as that terrible prick slid itself into the warm welcoming tunnel of my own wife. So that's what it's like, I thought, as she clung to me in her moment of passion, accepted the offering of spunk that seemed to flow out forever. That's what it's like, I'd forgotten.

Perhaps I lost consciousness after that, or perhaps it was just the warm, post-coital doze that slipped over me. Whichever it was it could not have taken long, because when I surfaced the two Doreens were still studying Brian's chart. It seemed that his problem was causing some disagreement, but eventually they reached a decision and began to wheel his bed out of the room. I tried to protest again, but I was still powerless, and behind me I could hear Geoff's pleas go similarly unrewarded. The haze descended on me again, and the hospital faded to white mist.

It was Rover snuffling at my ear that finally caught my attention. Gradually I became aware of the hardness of the pavement, and how wet I was, and after that how uncomfortable I was tangled up with Brian's legs. Geoff was huddled in a heap across us, and getting him off was quite an effort, but eventually I managed it and got us all back on our feet. It was only half past eleven so we couldn't have been there long. The rain had eased off a bit.

"It wasn't me, I wanted to say, I'm only a looker. All I ever did was have the odd pint of beer too many."

"I had ever such a strange dream," Brian told us; and then, of course, we had to tell him how much stranger it was, because we had had it too.

"What I really want to know," asked Geoff, "is what they did to you when they took you off by yourself?"

"Oh," said Brian, "well that's the oddest part of all, because they argued for a good bit and then they finally decided that all I had was hiccups. They put me in a room with a dozen naked girls, tied a blindfold on me, and made me guess who it was giving me a blow job."

"And who was it?" It was me that asked him, but with the certainly I already knew the answer.

"They were all Doreen," he answered, "so who else could it have been?"

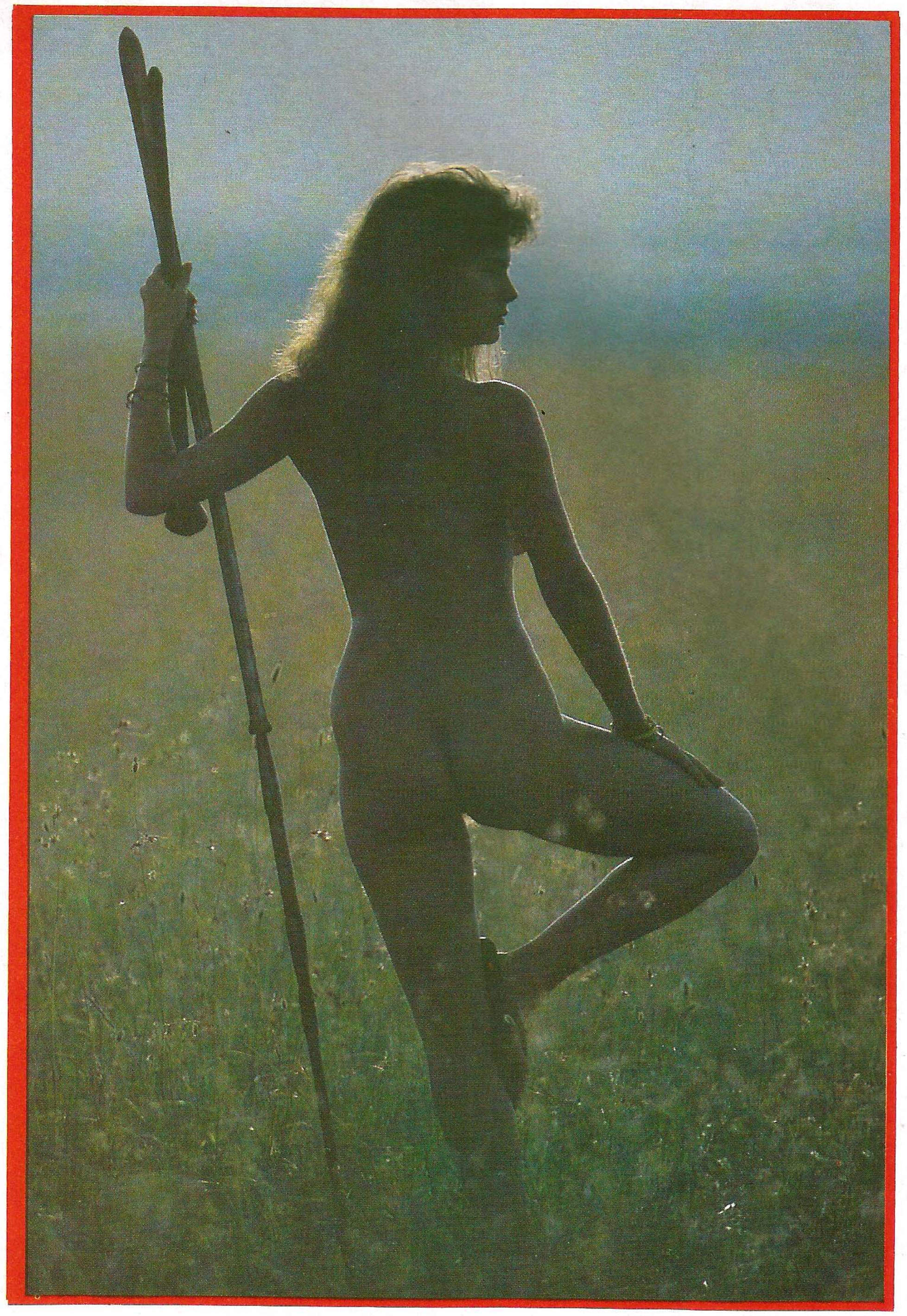
"I think I'll give it a miss tomorrow night," I told them as we got to my door. "Have a quiet evening in with Margaret."

"But tomorrow's Friday," said Geoff, horrified. "It's the darts final. We're relying on you."

"Oh yes, sorry," I replied. "I'd forgotten. All right then, see you tomorrow."

I fumbled for my key and hoped Margaret hadn't dropped the latch, Rover shook himself in anticipation of getting in out of the rain.

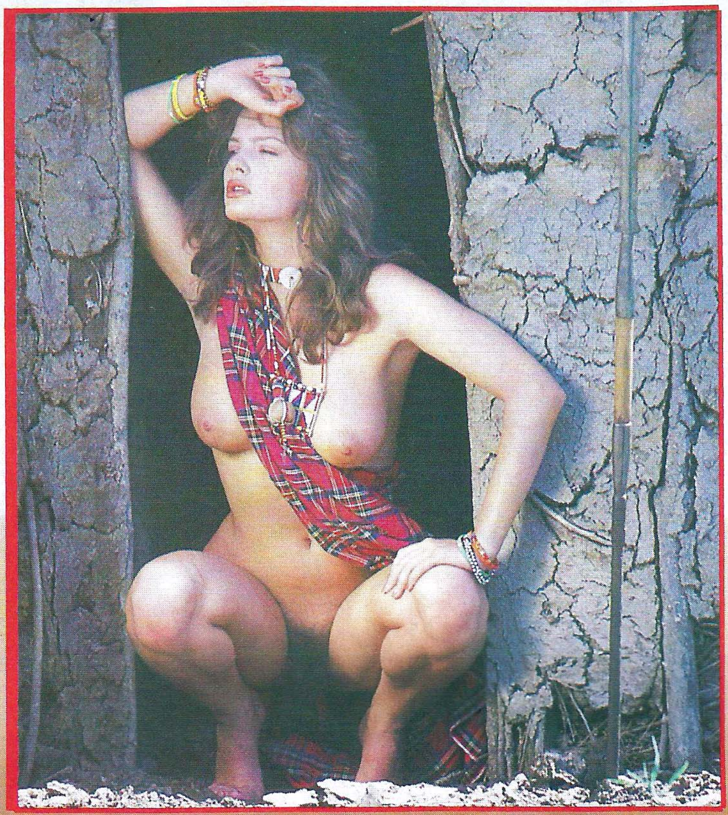
"Hic," said Brian, as they continued on up the street.

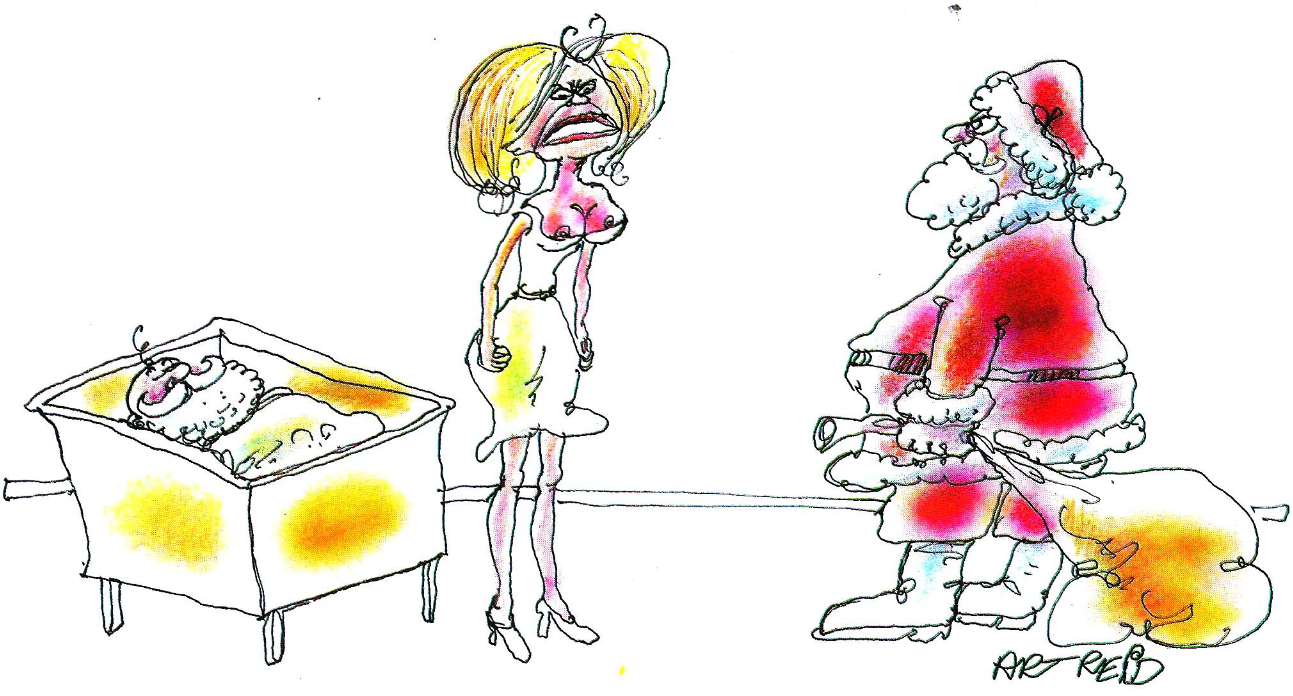


JAYNE

I'm not really sure why Jayne should dress up in a tartan robe and then jet off for the plains of Africa. I suppose it makes for a nice sunny Christmas, but it seems a shade too equatorial for my simple tastes. Never mind, the end justifies the means (according to the Galaxy moral guidance department it does anyway). Seeing as the end in question is Jayne, or indeed Jayne's end, any and all means are obviously more than justified.

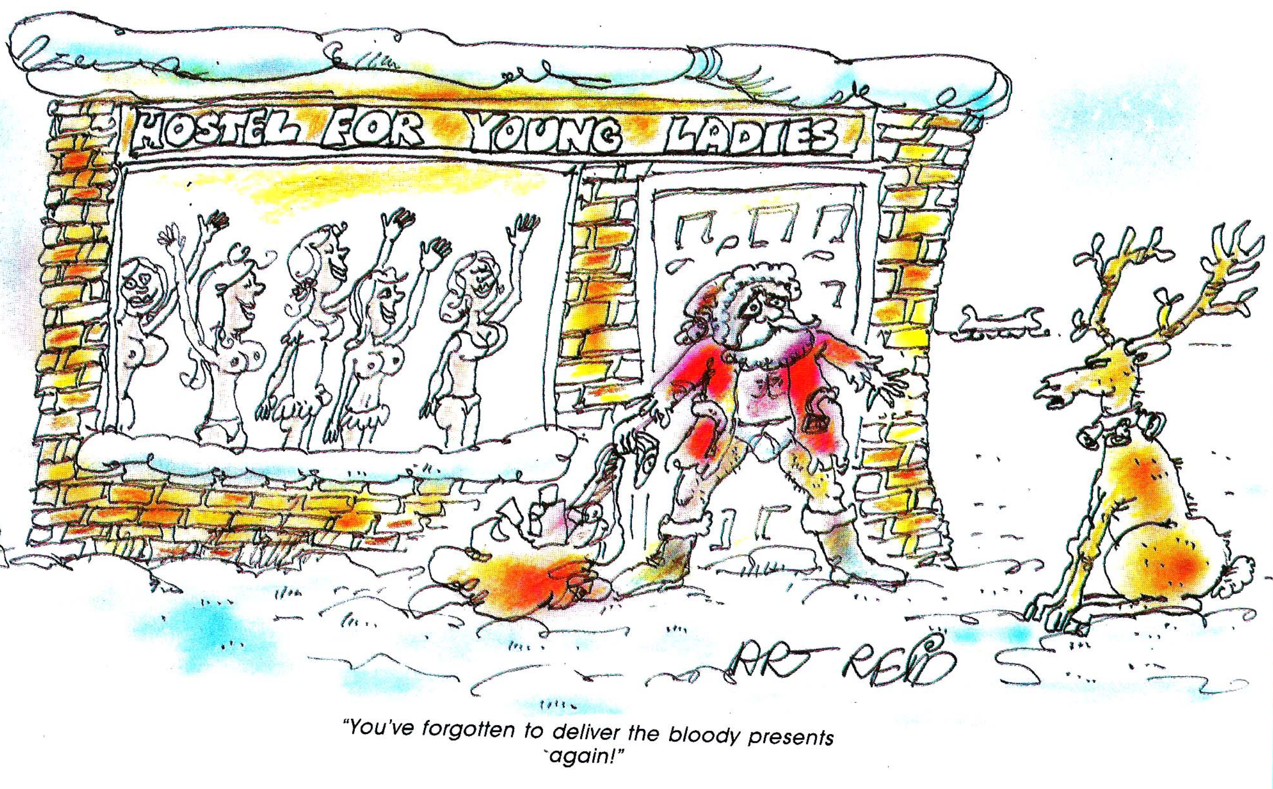
PHOTOGRAPHED BY AUSTIN LEGREW





"What do you mean, you don't think it's yours?"

LAUGH WITH ART REID


HOSTEL FOR YOUNG LADIES
ART REID

"You've forgotten to deliver the bloody presents again!"

WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

Firmly ensconced in her role as healer of inferiority complexes, massager of bruised egos and disseminator of arcane advice, BETTE NOIRE, B.Sex (Hons), M.Sex (Distinction), P.45, battles on. Why the crusade to bring light and enlightenment to the world? Well, partly it's out of the goodness of her heart, but mostly it's because her projected book on blow jobs in a monetarist economy was turned down and she needs the money.

Q: If I used a dildo whilst making love to my fianceé, would her vagina slacken as 'the object' is somewhat larger than myself (I'm of average size)? At present, we are a 'nice fit'. Likewise, could you advise on the consequences of childbirth? My girlfriend would like to know the proper method of douching, and where she could buy the instrument. Finally, what is the best/most comfortable way of shaving off her pubic hair? — S.K., (Stokenchurch).

A: What a nicely typed letter! (You should see some of the misspelled scrawls I get, sometimes – like an aged crab with cramp.) Now: the vagina is one of the most versatile and adaptable bits in the whole body. The dildo won't be any more a problem than a larger-than-average penis would be. Presuming you don't insert it too roughly – like with anything else that goes in – the vagina should accept it and go back to normal after it's out. If her vagina is in reasonably good shape before childbirth – and it should be – it will tighten up remarkably quickly afterwards – but doctors recommend you don't resume sex for several weeks (or a few months, perhaps, depending) due to the possibility of infection, more than anything else. But after a few days, you'd feel next to no difference. After several children (and this is true the older the woman is), there may be some slight slackening, which can be easily remedied by either Kegel exercises (toning the muscles by 'holding in' the urine, then letting it pass, and so forth) or, in rare cases, a nip and tuck surgically. So: no worries, pet . . . the vagina's elastic!

About douching: frankly, there should be no reason for her to do it at all, unless there's an infection, and her GP's recommended it. The vagina and surrounding area has a self-cleansing method, and douching is superfluous. Matter of fact, do it a lot and you upset the pH balance inside. The people who made flavoured and perfumed douches were creating a need so that you'd buy the product – but there's no need for it! A splash around the pubic area's all that's necessary. There's nothing 'dirty' about the area. If your lady insists, she can step into any chemist and either purchase a douche bag, which she fills with either a solution of vinegar and water, or a bought preparation, and then attach the slender tube which she then inserts, and squeezes the liquid inside (directions are included). Else she can buy disposable one-time douches. But again, I'd not bother. Some women have complained of irritation of delicate tissues, because of some of the ingredients used in commercial products. And women are beginning to resent the intimation of the advertisers and marketers that women aren't somehow 'clean' there, naturally. So much for the soapbox, lads!

As for shaving off the pubic hair. Remind her that there is a loss of lubrication with a bald patch (hair is a kind of natural lubricant in that area) during sex, and that the growing-back stage is pretty uncomfortable. The best way is to carefully take a pair of nail scissors (with especially rounded tips), clip the hair down, then lather gently around the outer areas with a gentle soap, and shave off with small strokes. Expect a bit of irritation – follow with a dab of petroleum jelly or soothing cream. Come to think of it, couldn't she just weave tiny flowers into the hair, like French courtesans used to do? Or little ribbons? A mohawk? Heart-shaped?

Q: An American friend of mine tells me that a good sex-life clears acne. Is he joking or is it true? — Z.M., (Rome).

A: Rome? We do get around. Yes it's true! People with active sex lives look better – their skin shows it – especially with adult acne which is sometimes caused or made worse by stress. Since sex is a stress reliever, it's not surprising that your skin reaps the rewards (unless, of course, the sex is bad or you feel pressured to perform, because that causes tension . . .) It's a matter of glands being keyed in to hormonal changes, so they tell me. So forget the anti-acne washes . . .

Q: With all the talk about AIDS going on, I've now switched to using condoms when I have sex. But what about oral sex? — M.A., (Hants).

A: According to the Powers That Be, there's probably a small chance of getting AIDS through oral sex. But – and this is a big but – it's hardly safe, since the virus can be found not only in semen and vaginal juices but also saliva. The problem is, they can't rule out oral sex as a significant hazard because studies of sexual transmitting of the virus have usually involved couples who do more than one sexual activity. So caution's still the word: condoms even for a little mouth music.

It might be easier to have the two of you (if there's one specific other person in question, that is) to have a blood test for AIDS. But remember that if someone is infected, it takes a few weeks or longer for the results to show up in the test.

Q: Is it actually harmful for a woman if she doesn't come after she's aroused? — K.B., (Tralee).

A: Well, it wouldn't put me in a great mood! We do have our own version of 'blue balls', actually. And the more often she's aroused, without release, the worse it is, although it's more distressing for some women than for others. (No one likes it!) Because all that blood is rushing to our pelvic regions, and our lips swell (just like your penis responds, after all) – well, if orgasm doesn't follow, the blood takes a little while to dissipate. That leaves us feeling uncomfortable, throbbing and sort of bloated – pelvic congestion if you want to put a name to it. It's important for both partners to bring the other to climax. A friend of mine says it's a good way to clear headaches!

Q: I've just started taking the birth-control pill. Will it change my sex drive, one way or another? — C.M., (Yorkshire).

A: I doubt it. If you feel freer to enjoy yourself, you're no longer nervous about getting pregnant! Occasionally women who really wanted – deep down – to get pregnant report a loss of sex drive. Some experts believed the old-fashioned, earlier brands of high-progesterone pills (you shouldn't find them about any more) sometimes were responsible for disinterest. Moral: your pill shouldn't effect your drive at all, so just enjoy the rides . . .

Problem? Reasonable questions answered. If unreasonable, they'll either get trashed or passed around for a smirk or a laugh in the office! Write to: What's Your Problem? Knave, P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

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